HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIV.—No. 691.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, OF THE "ONEIDA."

Later and fuller accounts of the terrible disaster to the *Oneida* leave no room for doubt as to the crime of Captain Eyre. It is shown that, after striking the *Oneida*, the *Bombay* must have backed away from her before continuing on her course, so that her officers must have been aware of the serious nature of the collision, and that it was not a "mere graze," as Captain Eyre afterward declared he supposed it to be. Nothing is wanting to show that in leaving the *Oneida* he knew he was forsaking a crippled and perhaps sinking ship. It is in evidence that the whistle of the *Oneida* was blown and three guns fired; yet Captain Eyre asserts that he heard nothing of these, although the sound was distinctly heard at Yokohama, twenty miles distant. It is somewhat remarkable that the "strong breeze" to which he attributes his not hearing them should not have prevented the sound from reaching ears so much further away in the same direction, and not listening, as he asserts he was, for signals of distress. But the steward of the *Bombay*, on arriving at Yokohama, asserted that they had run down a ship and "cut her in to the water's edge, so that he could see the men carrying some person on deck;" and Lieutenant Clemens, of the British ship *Ocean*, testified before the naval Court of Inquiry convened at Yokohama to investigate the conduct of Captain Eyre, that the Captain boasted to him, the night of his arrival at Yokohama, that "he had cut the whole quarter off a d—d Yankee frigate, and served her bloody right well." His own evidence before the Court, guarded as it was, shows that he knew or suspected that the collision was a very serious one; for he inquired of the pilot where he could go for safety, supposing his own ship was hurt, and seems to have been quieted by the answer that a spit of land was so near at hand that a ship could not possibly go down. If he had merely "grazed" the *Oneida*, why should he be so solicitous about his own safety? He spent a "good fifteen minutes" in looking out for signals, and then, without considering that possibly the ship he had run into was too much injured to fire signals (supposing it to be true that he did not hear the guns that were fired), he steamed away, leaving the noble ship to go down in darkness, bearing with her scores of brave men.

The records of cruelty on sea or land contain nothing to surpass the inhumanity and wickedness of this great crime.

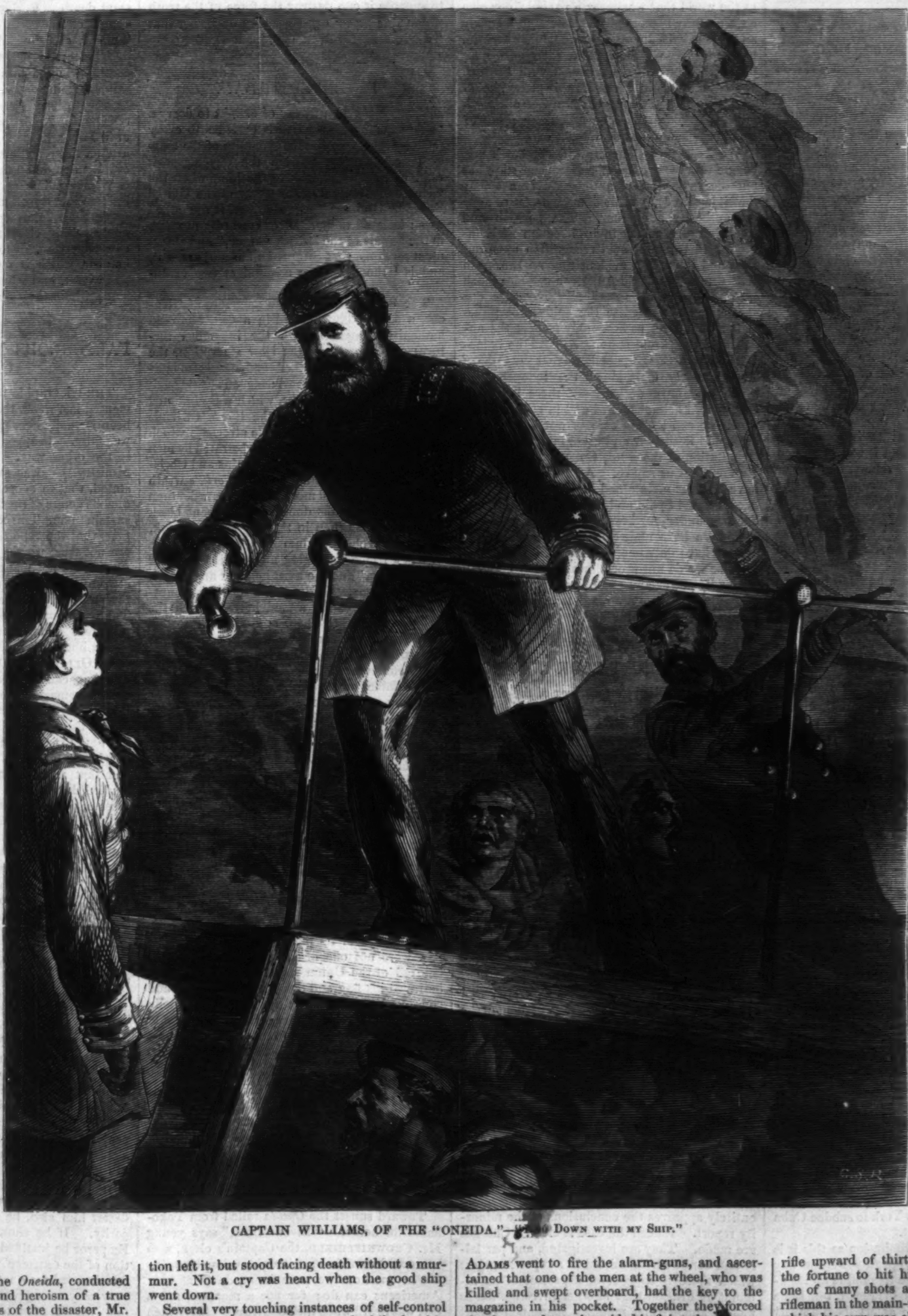
Captain Williams, of the *Oneida*, conducted himself with the courage and heroism of a true man. One of the survivors of the disaster, Mr. W. W. Crowninshield, the Captain's clerk, says, in his account of his escape: "Captain Williams acted as bravely as he has always done. He would not leave his post on the bridge, although he was almost pulled away, and when urged by Mr. Yates, replied, 'I go down with my ship.' A petty officer urging him to go, he grasped the iron rail and said, 'No; this is my place, and here I remain.'" This heroism, we are proud as Americans to say, was shared by all on board the ship; not one who had a station left it, but stood facing death without a murmur. Not a cry was heard when the good ship went down.

Several very touching instances of self-control and moral heroism were witnessed while the ship was settling down into the sea; none more so than that of Ensign Charles A. Copp. This brave youth was in charge of the "berth deck," and, after seeing all the sick and invalid seamen removed to the deck, returned below to his post of duty. A comrade hailed him to come on deck, as the ship was going down. "No," said Ensign Copp, "I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved."

Lieutenant-Commander Stewart and Ensign Adams went to fire the alarm-guns, and ascertained that one of the men at the wheel, who was killed and swept overboard, had the key to the magazine in his pocket. Together they forced the door, and together aided in firing three guns; but before the fourth could be fired the water had gained so rapidly that the heavy gun and iron carriage slipped and went down the hatchway, carrying with it Ensign Adams, and crushing him to instant death.

Surgeon Frothingham had with him a remarkably bright Japanese boy of two-sworded inheritance, whom he was taking to New York to educate for five years; true to his trust, he was last seen trying to rescue the little "Yakonin."

It is sad to think that, despite the brutal inhumanity of Captain Eyre, most of these lives might have been saved had the *Oneida* been suitably provided with boats. Before leaving Yokohama Captain Williams applied for boats to replace some that had been lost in a storm. His application was refused. This is a matter that requires strict investigation, to ascertain upon whom rests the responsibility of having sent to sea a national ship unprovided with the proper means of saving the lives of her officers and crew in case of accident.



CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, OF THE "ONEIDA."—"[illegible] Down with my Ship."

SMALL MEN IN BATTLE.

There is a principle of natural selection in an enemy's bullets which bears more heavily against large than against small men. Large men are more likely to be hit. The chance of a man being accidentally shot is as the square root of the product of his height multiplied into his weight; where a man of 16 stone in weight, and 6 feet 2½ inches high, will escape from chance shots for two years, a man of 8 stone in weight, and 5 feet 6 inches high, would escape for three. But the total proportion of the risk run by the large man is considerably greater. He is conspicuous from his size, and is therefore more likely to be recognized and made the object of a special aim. It is also in human nature that the shooter should pick out the largest man, just as he would pick out the largest bird in a covey, or antelope in a herd. Again, of two men who are aimed at, the bigger is the more likely to be hit, as affording a larger target. This chance is a trifle less than the ratio of his increased sectional area, though we are unable to calculate the decrease, from our ignorance of the average distance of the enemy and the closeness of his fire. At long distances, and when the shooting was wild, the decrease would be insensible; at comparatively close ranges it would be unimportant. As a matter of fact, commanders are very frequently the objects of special aim. When Soult visited England, a story appeared in the newspapers of some English veteran having declared that the hero must have lived a charmed life, for he had "covered" him with his rifle upward of thirty times, and yet had never the fortune to hit him. Nelson was killed by one of many shots aimed directly at him, by a rifleman in the main-top of the French vessel with which his own was closely engaged.

The total relative chances against being shot in battle, of two men of the respective heights and weights I have described, are as 3 to 2 in favor of the smaller man in respect to accidental shots, and in a decidedly more favorable proportion in respect to direct aim; the latter chance being compounded of the two following—first, a better hope of not being aimed at, and secondly, a hope very little less than 3 to 2 of not being hit when made the object of an aim.

This is really an important consideration. Had Nelson been a large man, instead of a mere feather-weight, the probability is that he would not have survived so long. His active career extended through twelve years, during the earlier part of which he was much more frequently under fire than afterward. Had he only lived through two-thirds, or even three-fourths, of his battles, he could not have commanded at the Nile, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar. His reputation under those circumstances would have been limited to that of a dashing captain or a young and promising admiral. Wellington was a small man; if he had been shot in the Peninsula, his reputation, though it would have undoubtedly been very great, would have lost the lustre of Waterloo. In short, to have survived is an essential condition to becoming a famed commander; yet persons equally endowed with military gifts—such as the requisite form of high intellectual and moral ability and of constitutional vigor—are by no means equally qualified to escape shot free. The enemy's bullets are least dangerous to the smallest men, and therefore small men are more likely to achieve high fame as commanders than their equally gifted contemporaries whose physical frames are larger.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 26, 1870.

CONGRESS AND CUBA.

As we write, it is still uncertain what action Congress will take upon the Cuban question. General Banks's resolution, virtually recognizing the belligerent rights of Cuba, has not yet been adopted, and Mr. Morton's bill reported in the Senate has been seriously shorn. It now forbids any ship or vessel to be fitted out, armed, or equipped for the service of any European prince or state for the purpose of subduing American colonists claiming independence; but the section prohibiting the sale of arms and munitions was stricken out in Committee. The bill as reported removes the obscurity of the present law of 1818, which forbids the equipping and arming of any vessel "to cruise or commit hostilities against the subjects, citizens, or property of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace." Under this clause it was contended by Senator Carpenter that the Spanish gun-boats could be detained. But it was enough to ask whether these words, "colony, district, or people," did not necessarily mean to describe some authority which the United States had in some way recognized; and whether they could be applied, for instance, to the county of Yorkshire in England, or to the province of Catalonia in Spain.

The precise words of the new bill leave no doubt of this kind. It forbids the fitting out of ships in our ports by any European power, for the purpose of subduing American colonists claiming independence. It says to the European states, "You may send as many soldiers and ships as you please from Europe to retain your colonies, but you shall not use our ports as your naval base of war." It virtually denies the equal right of European authority in the parent state and the American colony. If we are at peace with Spain she may strengthen herself in our ports to suppress a republic in Andalusia, but not to suppress a republic in Cuba. Our wish, therefore, according to this bill, is not to extend republicanism; it is to destroy European authority in America.

In one important point the bill goes beyond the declaration in President Monroe's Message of 1823, which was the manifesto of the "Monroe doctrine." That declaration was in two passages of the Message. In one the President said that the American continents were henceforth "not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." In the other he said, "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere;" and he added that those colonies which had declared and maintained their independence, and "whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged," must not be touched. Mr. Morton's bill proposes that we shall now interfere with the existing colonies to the point of forbidding European powers to strengthen themselves in our ports by fitting out ships. They may, indeed, buy arms and ammunition; nor is it clear that European ships of war may not be repaired in our harbors. But Spain shall build no more gun-boats in New York to subdue Cuba—that, at least, is evident.

The reason of such a limitation as this it is not easy to see. If a European power has any right whatever to use force to subdue an insurrection in a colony, it is evidently the same right that empowers it to assert its authority any where within its dominions. The United States have never hitherto questioned this right. President Monroe, in his message in 1823, as we have seen, expressly disclaimed any question of it. Mr. Clay, as Secretary of State, in 1825, wrote that the United States desired "no political change" in Cuba. Wherever the colonial authority of the European state existed, it was undisputably recognized by the United States as of the same kind and degree as its authority elsewhere. To this country Spanish troubles in Malaga and Spanish troubles in Porto Rico were the same, so long as we were at peace with Spain, and so long as the troubles did not seem to us to authorize a declaration of belligerent rights to the insurrection. Whenever that time came we were to be governed, of course—upon the grounds that we had always occupied—by the same principles.

But if, as the Morton bill seems to imply, the title of Spanish authority in Cuba, or of any European state upon this continent, is defective, or, for good reasons, intolerable, let us issue a general warning to that effect. If, when any number of inhabitants of a colony raise the standard of insurrection, we intend to regard them as "American colonists claiming independence," why do we resort to so clumsy a plan as Senator Morton's? The simpler and manlier way would be to recognize them as belligerents whenever they declare their independence. If this would be to flout all our own traditions, and to justify the action of the British Government when the rebellion began, it would at least be frank and intelligible. It would say plainly to the world that whenever a party of our own citizens, for whatever purpose, went to a colony and persuaded a few American colonists to claim independence, we should take their part, and, having broken their connection with Europe, annex them to ourselves. If this policy should justly expose us to the contempt of other nations, it would at least be a striking proof of our glorious manifest destiny.

We hope that Congress will not botch and boggle this business. If a European state has not the same kind of authority over a colony that it has over any of its dominions, let us deny the authority altogether. The position and condition of a colony in insurrection may, indeed, lead to more rapid recognition upon our part, and it may be evident that no European state can hope to hold American colonies much longer. But until we choose to declare our neutrality and recognize the belligerent rights of the colony, let us honorably respect the authority of the parent state. And, to the immediate point, if Congress believes that the Cubans have honestly maintained the independence which they have declared—if there is a civil government acknowledged and in operation, to which we can look in case of question—if, indeed, and in the fair and usual international interpretation of the word, Cuban belligerency is "a fact," let us say so. As for neutrality, we have thus far maintained it. We have not, indeed, treated Spain and Cuba in the same way, because under our laws and treaties we could not. We have allowed the gun-boats to go, and we have detained the *Hornet*. But this is because we do not proclaim neutrality between a friendly power and one of its provinces in insurrection until we are ready to concede belligerent rights to the province.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

We are surprised that a paper of the character of the *Western Christian Advocate* should permit the assertion in its columns that our late article upon the report of the majority in the difficulty of the Book Concern was prompted by the selfish interest of the proprietors of this paper. Of course such a charge is the surrender of the argument. When the *Advocate*, in speaking of an article which it admits to be written with "apparent candor," adds that it is marked with the "coolness of studied design"—that, "as a publishing house, the Harpers would be greatly benefited by the displacement of the Methodist Book Concern"—and that "the interest involved explains all," it offers us no argument to answer, and merely invites the distrust, if not contempt, which always follows impotent aspersion. The business of the house mentioned is in no manner rivaled, nor touched, nor injured by that of the Book Concern; and its members can have no possible wish upon the subject of the troubles but that a great scandal shall be avoided by a religious connection for which they cherish an hereditary regard.

Our opinions upon the troubles in the Book Concern have been approved and are shared by the great multitude of the most intelligent and independent journals in the country, and they have been remarkably confirmed by the recent action of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Conference heartily sustains the course of Rev. John Lanahan, the agent who exposed the irregularities, and entirely approves the conclusions of the minority report. Indeed the case is clear. Charges are made. They are investigated, and partially and confusedly admitted in a report, against which there is so general a protest of an attempt at evasion that another investigation is undertaken. The majority thereupon report that there are no serious irregularities whatever; but offer no evidence, and ask to have their verdict accepted solely upon faith in their judgment. The minority report gives an outline of the evidence upon which it relies, and which the majority report does not even attempt to impeach.

The Conference very properly concedes that in the management of so large a business there may often be irregularities to correct, but it truly says that an irreparable damage will be done to the Church if it is believed that "great mismanagement" exists and is concealed. The Conference, therefore, passed stringent resolutions that in view of the conflicting statements a thorough examination by commission or otherwise should be made if possible before the meeting of the General Conference, and if that is impracticable, then under its express direction. And as one of the persons most seriously implicated by the evidence, and who has resigned his position in the Book Concern, has been nevertheless elected treasurer of the Sunday-school union of the Church, the Conference directs its Sunday-school money to be withheld until a treasurer is appointed who commands the confidence of the whole Church.

Does the *Western Advocate* really suppose that, in presence of the minority report—of the evidence—of the statements of Dr. Lanahan—of the testimony of the great paper houses—and of the action of the Baltimore Conference, the public will be soothed by the majority report into the belief that there have been no irregularities? Or is it so extremely foolish as to suppose it can destroy the force of the truth which this paper has stated by declaring that "the interest involved explains it all?"

PHILIP SHERIDAN.

The *World*, in a frenzy of delight to decry a noble soldier whose name is precious to every true American, exclaims, speaking of the massacre of Glencoe, "From the day when it reddened the Highlands to the hour when the Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States fell on the Piegan village, it has stood as an isolated monument of cowardly murder, in the annals of the British tongue," and thereupon screams, that Sheridan has surpassed it, and is "the champion assassin of two centuries!"

The *World* forgets. The massacre of Glencoe, a sudden blow, ended in a day, was mild humanity compared with the ingenious tortures and slaughters, the slow starvation, the horrors of thirst, the unimaginable agonies ending in madness and idiocy, dragged out through ghastly weeks and months, which were inflicted upon helpless prisoners by the *World's* friends at Andersonville—unspeakable atrocities which the *World* never condemned, perpetrated by men whom the *World* calls great captains and Christian gentlemen. Where was the *World's* wrath when a thousandfold more cowardly murder than that of Glencoe was done upon innocent black women and children in the city of New York, when an orphan asylum was burned by the *World's* friends, a raging mob, which it called "the people," and the most helpless and friendless and blameless of human beings were hunted for their lives by a mad hatred which the *World* encouraged then, and which it fosters now even in the very issue in which it slanders Sheridan. If the attack upon the Indians, who, whatever their wrongs, have committed unspeakable outrages, had been the wanton massacre of the most innocent and friendly colored men by the Ku-Klux Klan, the *World* would have jested over it in its most airy vein, and invited us to drop a merry tear over "de woes of Sambo."

There may have been wanton cruelty among some of the soldiers in Colonel Baker's command. Of that a searching investigation will probably apprise us. But the *World's* ferocity against General Sheridan springs from the fact that he dealt the final blow to a rebellion begun to perpetuate the foulest, the most dastardly, the most inhuman of crimes—a rebellion which the *World* virtually supported, and which effectually exposed the character and purpose of the great leaders of its party. If Philip Sheridan were not one of the most illustrious and beloved of the Union soldiers—if he had only betrayed his flag and dishonored his oath, and consented to be a tool in the hands of a bloody conspiracy of slaveholders, the *World* would speak of him as it does of Robert E. Lee, as a "distinguished" and "honored" man.

THE HEROES OF THE "ONEIDA."

We hope that our readers have read the details of the loss of the *Oneida*. It is a terrible tale; but it is one of the noblest ever told. It shows that there are no truer heroes than the men of whom we knew nothing until we read the story of their deaths.

Toward sunset the *Oneida* sailed from Yokohama for home. "In one hour," says young Mr. Crowninshield, the Captain's clerk, who was saved—and he says it with pardonable pride—"in one hour we were facing death as only Americans can do; for not a murmur, not a cry, was heard when the good ship *Oneida* (which had done her duty through the war) was sinking, and every one knew that meant death." Captain Williams was calmly at his post. "Captain Williams acted as bravely as he has always done. He would not leave his post on the bridge, although he was almost pulled away; and when urged by Mr. Yates, replied, 'I go down with my ship.' A petty officer urged him to go. He grasped the iron rail, and said, 'No, this is my place, and here I remain.' God bless him! The country and the world have lost a noble officer."

He was the worthy leader of worthy men. "This heroic conduct was followed by every officer and man on board the ship; not a soul who had a station left it, but faced death in such a manner that makes me feel proud. We were Americans, and if it were not for you all at home I could wish I was locked in their arms." Another says: "Surgeon Frothingham had with him a remarkably bright Japanese boy of two-sworded inheritance, whom he was taking to New York to educate for five years; true to his trust, he was last seen trying to rescue the little Yakonin. Lieutenant-Commander Stewart and Ensign Adams went to fire the alarm guns, and ascertained that one of the men at the wheel, who was killed and swept overboard, had the key to the magazine in his pocket. Together they forced the door, and together aided in firing three guns; but before the fourth could be fired the water had gained so rapidly that the heavy gun and iron carriage slipped and went down the hatchway, carrying with it Ensign Adams and crushing him to instant death. Ensign Charles A. Copp was in charge of the berth deck, and, after seeing all the sick and invalid seamen removed to the deck, returned below to his post of duty. A comrade hailed him to come on deck, as the ship was going down. 'No,' said Ensign Copp; 'I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved.' Noble boy! brave youth! 'Not until I am relieved!' As his young voice firmly uttered those noble words the wild waves of the cruel sea engulfed the ship."

What sublime sense of duty! What heroism! What devotion! For one day the teachers in the schools every where in this country might wisely close the history and open the newspaper to read to their pupils the story of a heroism which is not surpassed in Homer or Plutarch, and which will give them all a nobler pride in their humanity.

FALSEHOODS BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The telegraphic report upon which we commented last week, that the French Ministry had been virtually censured by a vote of 188 to 56, was false. It appears that the fact was exactly the other way. It was the motion of the Ministry that was supported; and M. Pinard stated, that in consequence of the bold and judicious action of the Ministers, "the left" would sustain them. This correction shows two things: first, that the reports by the Atlantic telegram are not trust-worthy; and second, that M. Ollivier has not made the fatal blunder that we attributed to him; and which was evident if the proceedings as telegraphed were authentic. The truth now seems to be that the Ministry is sagacious enough to see the necessity of a steady liberal advance, and that the proposition of M. Ollivier to abandon the system of government candidacies is, as the *Journal des Débats* remarks, breaking the link that bound the Ministry to the relics of the past.

One thing is certainly clear, and that is, that the new French Ministry is entitled to the forbearing judgment of liberals in every country; and that nothing can be more unfair than a studied depreciation of all its words and acts. Does any body suppose that it was practicable or desirable to pass at once from absolute personal government to a régime of Rochefort and Fleurens? Is it necessarily unwise to seek political progress in France without a revolution? Lord Chesterfield said that the French knew how to build barricades, but not how to erect barriers. And is it evident that a revolution, however bloody, would abolish personal government? These are questions which we suppose the friends of Rochefort do not ask, and for which they do not care. But they are questions which every sensible person must ask, and the answers are obvious.

The positive measures which have been demanded of the new Ministry are certainly most positively initiated in the abolition of the government candidacies. It is a declaration for freedom of elections which the dullest can appreciate, and which shows that the intention of the Emperor is sincere. Indeed, it is the appeal of the Ministry to the honest liberalism of France. M. Ollivier, as we said last week, can no longer depend upon the support of deputies whom he has virtually censured as elected by superior interference. If the Opposition desert him also, he will be left without a majority. If he should then resign, would the Emperor be justified in supposing that a coalition of the extreme right and the extreme left is a demand for a more liberal Ministry? It is very easy to suppose that any Ministry which does not attempt to establish the republic is false and reactionary; but it is not necessarily a true theory of the situation. Let us judge the new movement and France by its fruits; and if, as we now hear, M. JULES FAVRE has promised his active support to the Ministry, his action may well enlighten foreign public opinion.

GRAPES AND THORNS, AND FIGS AND THISTLES.

GRAPES are not gathered of thorns; and no one who knows any thing of the Democratic party of New York could seriously have supposed that it would give the city a wise, honest, and economical charter. When the Governor saluted the Legislature as "honest," and spoke as if the result of the election had really purified our politics, every body felt that his Excellency spoke very foolishly, because the party that would now control the State had long controlled the city unchallenged, and the honesty and economy and purity of Democratic rule are there forever visible. The guarantees of order and moderation in the city were precisely those parts of the municipal system which the Democratic party could not touch.

It was well understood that the great work of the Legislature would be a new city charter, and a charter which should give into the hands of the managers of the Democratic party all that had hitherto escaped them. In due time the new charter was presented. It was a scheme virtually delivering the city to the Ring. It was outrageous, but of course not unexpected. But in a large city, where the power of a party such as we have hitherto shown the Democratic party to be, is undisputed, and where the most ignorant and corrupt men make the most money in politics, the "loot" of the Ring would necessarily excite envy. Mr. O'BRIEN, for instance, would naturally inquire why Mr. SWEENY should be dictator. Mr. GENET would see no divine right in Mr. TWEED. The result shows that this was the situation. The cry of down with the Ring was raised. There was a loud beating of gongs and a striking of fine attitudes, and an announcement of an anti-Ring charter; and finally the production of such a document. It was offered in the Legislature, and instantly in caucus every tolerable provision in it was removed, and the model charter of "the honest Democracy" permits the City Chamberlain, Mr. SWEENY, to continue his present custom of receiving, among other perquisites, about fifty thousand dollars for signing his name.

The Ring is dead, long live the Ring! The "honest Democracy," we presume, are quite as likely to purify elections and save money to the tax-payers and redeem the political fame of the city of New York, when they march under Messrs. SWEENY and TWEED, as when they rally to the colors of Messrs. O'BRIEN and GENET. Meanwhile it must be obvious to the country that watches this quarrel of Democratic factions for the sacking of the city that nothing can save our glorious institution from "Republican rascality" but calling the Democratic party to national power. How safe those institutions would be had the people only elected Mr. SEYMOUR and General BLAIR! How trebly secure, if they would only resolve to put Mr. SWEENY'S Mr. HOFFMAN in the place of General GRANT!

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY TRAVELERS.

IN our issue for March 12 we stated the case of JOHN A. COLEMAN against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, which in our judgment presents certain points that, in the interest of travelers, should be definitively settled. The great power of the great railroad companies is like all other power. It consults its own advantage, not the convenience of the public. Moreover, the growing power of such companies is a grave public peril. The means at their disposal for enforcing their own will are enormous. They are in possession of the route of travel. The impracticability of organizing competing lines is notorious. They advertise in newspapers, and they pass editors free. Free passes are showered upon Legislatures, and many a Judge rides to his court to hear a case in which the Company that carries him freely to and from his home is a party. The name of the great New Jersey road has become a synonym for that of the State. It was generally understood that it even elected Senators in Congress. It was the most dangerous enemy that a Jerseyman could have in his own State.

Nothing, therefore, is more indispensable than that the managers of the great railroads should feel their direct responsibility to public opinion through the watchfulness of the Press. There are a hundred points of mismanagement which can not be brought into court. There are a hundred more which no individual passenger, however strong the presumption in favor of his complaint, cares to contest against a great Company. There are Companies that still pack passengers into the old-fashioned black-holes—the cars without a raised roof. The New York Central dumps its passengers into the snow and rain at its Albany station. Last summer the New York and New Haven Railroad Company prohibited the sale of *Hearth and Home* in its cars, because of an article criticising the conduct of the road, its notorious disregard of the comfort of passengers, and alleging its resort to "the usual lobby-legislative tactics" to defeat the charter of a parallel road. This was a wanton infringement of the public convenience, for which, of course, there was no legal remedy—an act of despotic power, to which every traveler was forced to submit.

From the encroachment of the nameless petty oppressions of travelers by railroad power nothing will protect us but prompt and full exposure. It is, indeed, very troublesome to the individual. Few persons care to write a letter to the newspapers to recount the little mishaps, the delays, the inconveniences, which yet will not correct themselves, and will increase instead of diminish. When, therefore, a traveler has sustained severe personal injuries from what he conceives to be the excessive violence of railroad agents, and has appealed to a jury, which, upon a fair hearing, has awarded him damages, as in the case of Mr. COLEMAN—a traveler who, in urging his suit, raises questions which are of general interest to all travelers—we can have no hesitation in making public his own statement, although the verdict has been set aside and the case continued.

Our object, however, is not to prejudice the public against a railroad, but to remind the railroad of its duty to the public. And as we have presented, as we believe, fairly the evidence of Mr. COLEMAN and the questions raised by him—to which we refer our readers—we now state the case of the railroad, as communicated by one of its counsel, a gentleman of the highest personal and professional character. Our readers will, of course, remember that this, like the other, is an *ex parte* statement.

LAW OFFICE OF FERRIS & CHILD,
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, *March* 7, 1870.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for March 12, 1870, there is an editorial article, entitled "The Rights of Railway Travelers," based upon a suit pending in the Superior Court for the County of Suffolk, in the State of Massachusetts, in which JOHN A. COLEMAN is plaintiff, and the New York and New Haven Railroad Company is defendant. As you state in your article, the case has been twice tried, and a third trial is pending. Your conclusion is that, "upon the evidence, there can be little doubt that excessive violence was used, and that Mr. COLEMAN is entitled to recover." Inasmuch as the evidence stated in your article is in many respects inaccurately set forth, I ask you, in simple justice, to allow this counter-statement.

1. The entire evidence showed that the conductor throughout the affair behaved like a gentleman. The plaintiff admitted it; his witnesses proved it. The conductor was courteous and civil, and he did not eject Mr. COLEMAN until he had repeatedly urged that gentleman to pay his fare or leave the car.

2. It is not true that, when the conductor came through the car to inspect the tickets, "Mr. COLEMAN accosted him politely, and stated that he was traveling constantly," etc., as a reason for his desire to save the fare by the use of his rejected ticket. The plaintiff admitted that when the conductor first came through the train he held the ticket between his fingers, exposed to view, and had his newspaper before him, which he was reading. Had the conductor taken the ticket without noticing its irregularity, is it probable that Mr. COLEMAN would have called his attention to it? The evidence showed an entirely different purpose. As Mr. COLEMAN stated, he bought his regular ticket "to pass on if he failed on the other, but after he got in the car concluded to test his right." No conversation took place until the conductor informed Mr. COLEMAN he could not pass upon the ticket which he presented, and reminded him that he had already been so notified. Mr. COLEMAN replied, in effect, that he had determined to test his right to ride upon the ticket which he presented, and should offer no other. Mr. COLEMAN urged the conductor to allow him to pass on the ground that a kind of Freemasonry existed between conductors and the traveling public; that the directors would never know it, and it could make no difference to the road; and that if he, the conductor, was reprimanded or got into trouble, he, COLEMAN, would make it right. He did not "appeal to those around him who knew him." There was no evidence that he was known to any one until after he was ejected from the car, and no evidence that he was in any way responsible. He was a stranger to the conductor, and apparently to the other passengers in the car. The only "railroad man" or "officer of a railroad" in the car was a State director of the Boston and Albany road. He admitted his ignorance, on the trial, as to the rules of his own road in similar cases, his duties as a State director not requiring familiarity with them.

Mr. COLEMAN manifested no willingness to yield to any authority, but told the conductor, "if he put him out, he did it at his peril." The conductor repeatedly urged Mr. COLEMAN to pay his fare, and settle it with the officers of the road (precisely what Mr. COLEMAN proposed to the conductor, except that Mr. COLEMAN, in the one case, advanced the fare; in the other, the conductor), and courteously asked him not to cause him trouble. Mr. COLEMAN refused to accede to these requests. At Stamford Mr. COLEMAN was ejected by force from the car. He was requested to leave immediately before his expulsion. He declined to do so; and, instead of "passively resisting," braced his knees against the seat in front of him, and placed his arm under the arm-rest in the centre of the seat. He was taken from the car by main force, was carried to the platform of the station, and upon the platform those carrying him fell with him. The evidence did not sustain the assertion that he was "thrown broadside upon the platform." While being carried out he resisted with all his force, kicking, biting, and striking. He claimed to have been struck before he was taken into the aisle of the car. The evidence upon this point was conflicting, both as to his being struck and as to whether he gave or was given the first blow. The Court limited the responsibility of the Company to the acts of the employés engaged in ejecting Mr. COLEMAN from the car. Not a witness identified the striker of the blow, but every employé who assisted in ejecting Mr. COLEMAN was present at the trial, and denied striking him. Is it quite fair, then, to fasten the blow upon those who, uncontradicted, deny it, or to dignify Mr. COLEMAN'S turbulent conduct as self-defense?

The injury occasioned by the blow was admitted to be slight. The only serious injury which Mr. COLEMAN suffered was an increased tendency to hernia. But Mr. COLEMAN knew that he was subject to this disease, and wore a truss. His physician stated that the resistance by bracing his knees and holding on to the seat would have aggravated his hernia more than any other violence to which he was exposed. It certainly requires no argument to show that Mr. COLEMAN was not entitled to compensation for injuries occasioned by his own contribution thereto. Has he a special claim to sympathy for a voluntary aggravation of a disease known only to himself?

There are other serious inaccuracies of statement in the article to which I have referred. I have mentioned enough to show you that the information upon which you relied is, to say the least, *ex parte*.

I do not ask you to weigh my statements against those of your informant. Having tried the case at all its trials, in *banc* and at *nisi prius*, I am, of course, familiar with the testimony; but should you deem it important to satisfy yourself as to which has the better means of information, the stenographer's notes will be allowed you for private inspection.

It is not my purpose to suggest any argument respecting the law of the case. However sound your views may be, from necessity the interpretation by the courts must conclude the matter. Permit me, however, to remind you that the principle claimed by Mr. COLEMAN, viz., that a railroad ticket is received independent of regulations—that a passenger can elect how he will use it, notwithstanding the purpose for which it is purchased, and the contract of which it is evidence—and that a ticket of passage from one terminus of a railroad to the other gives the holder the right to apportion his travel to such stations as he may desire until he has traveled the length of the road—is contrary to the entire current of adjudication in every respectable court of England and the United States. Both Mr. Chief-Justice BINGHAM, who first tried the case, and Mr. Justice REED, who presided at the second trial, denied Mr. COLEMAN'S legal theory, and the eminent counsel who represented him did not except to their charge.

If Mr. COLEMAN honestly sought to test his legal right in the premises, he in no way compromised his claim by leaving the cars under protest, or by submitting to expulsion without resistance. His remedy would be full and complete had he sued for damages occasioned by detention at Stamford, or even for the price of his passage-money. And he is peculiarly fortunate in his incorporation into the editorial columns of so respectable a journal as your own as the representative of "The Rights of Railway Travelers."

In conclusion, allow me to say the suit in which you pass judgment is not yet decided. The jurors who are to pass upon the issues of fact involved therein are likely to read your article; and is it quite fair for a journal occupying the position of *Harper's Weekly* to prejudge a case upon an *ex parte* statement? Is it just to present to the traveling public, among which your paper largely circulates, a report of a case as yet undetermined, the only tendency of which is adverse to the defendant? Mr. COLEMAN elected his remedy and his forum to redress such wrongs as he may have suffered. His conduct was not that of a representative man seeking protection for the traveling public. He is not entitled to be clothed with any of the attributes of a vindicator of rights denied. His case is simply that of a traveling agent desiring, very properly, to make the most of his money, who, failing in an attempt to pass off a ticket, known to be invalid, without detection, and disappointed in efforts to cajole or intimidate the conductor, disturbed a car full of passengers in his obstinate zeal to seek litigation, exposing himself to injuries which he alone knew he was subject to, premeditatedly and deliberately, and at the most is only entitled to his remedy at law, which he has voluntarily sought.

Until that remedy fails we ask a suspension of judgment. Seeking justice as our right, we ask the Press not to usurp the duties of the Courts, and to allow us at least a fair field where we ask no favor.

The importance attributed to the matter in controversy by you is my apology for the length of this communication, which I trust may be published in such portion of your paper as will meet the eye of the readers of your editorial. Appreciating the courtesy of this opportunity,

Respectfully yours,
CALVIN G. CHILD,
of Counsel for the N. Y. and N. H. R. R.

NOTES.

CAPTAIN G. SCHWEERS is a name to be as kindly mentioned as that of Captain ARTHUR WELLESLEY EYRE is to be uttered with horror. Captain SCHWEERS commanded the steamer *Smidt*, which left Bremen on the 22d of January and was struck by a hurricane a week afterward, breaking the piston-rod on the 9th of February. For twelve days the ship lay to, while captain, engineers, and crew worked untiringly to mend the machinery. At last they started with halting engines and came on at the rate of five miles an hour, and after a weary voyage of fifty days, during which happily all were well, Captain SCHWEERS brought his ship into port and to the hearty welcome of a country which feared never to hear of the voyagers again. "The captain's skill and presence of mind alone saved us," say the passengers. Let us remember his name and honor him!

GAIL HAMILTON'S new volume, "A Battle of the Books," giving her version of her differences with her publishers, is placed before the public by Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON in the most attractive attire of the Riverside press. Waiving the consideration of the taste and propriety of such a performance, as a question decided by the author for herself, it may be safely said that her book affords much entertaining matter, and will doubtless be very widely read. Even those who may not wholly approve of what some will call the truly feminine way in which she evades the implied obligation to silence on a question submitted by both parties to referees for final decision, or the wisdom of complying with the sarcastic wish of old Job, that his enemy "would write a book," will not deny this volume the merit of sparkling vivacity and interest. The story of her troubles is told under a very transparent veil of fiction. It purports to give the history of an author's dealings with publishers just a century ago; but the names of places, books, magazines, and living authors and publishers are so slightly disguised as to be recognizable at a glance. One can not but admire the ingenuity with which the rather difficult machinery of her story is managed, her keen satire, brilliant style, and business-like power of analyzing contracts and detecting the weak points of an argument. Now that she is fully awake to the necessity of reading a contract before signing it, no one need hope to catch her napping again. It is not necessary to go into the merits of the case, as between the author and her publishers. She is convinced of having suffered wrongs and losses, and does not hesitate to say so without mincing words; but for the evidence on which she brings her complaint, and justifies herself in making the public acquainted with her literary troubles, we must refer the reader to her own pages.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 7.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced for the admission of Texas on the same conditions as Virginia. The remainder of the day was occupied with a debate on the Funding bill.—In the House, a bill was introduced to provide for additional representation in the Forty-second Congress.

March 8.—In the Senate, among the bills introduced was one for the redemption of legal tenders by providing that one-half of the payments on duties or imports may be made in these notes; and another to promote the civilization of Indians, and to prepare them for the rights of citizenship. A bill was reported making it a misdemeanor to fit out or equip ships of war for use by a European Power in subduing American colonists claiming independence.—In the House, the Georgia bill was passed, but much altered, as Mr. Bingham's amendment, providing that nothing in this bill shall affect the present office-holders in the State, and that the election of Senators and Representatives in 1870 be held on the day named in the Constitution, or on such other day as the present Legislature may designate, was adopted by a vote of 114 to 71.

March 9.—In the Senate, the Georgia bill as it passed the House was received from the committee, but not considered.—In the House, a resolution was offered censuring the action of certain revenue officers in New York and elsewhere in seizing private property and papers, and asking for the authority under which they so proceeded.

March 10.—In the Senate, a communication was received from General Reynolds, of Texas, inclosing copies of the new Constitution of that State, and announcing the ratification by the Legislature of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments.—In the House, the bill for the reorganization of the army was considered at some length, and finally passed without a division. It makes radical changes in the military branch of government service in regard to the number of officers, their rank, pay, holding civil office, brevets, and other important matters. It provides for a general muster-out of supernumeraries; reduces the number of major-generals to three, and of brigadiers to six, establishes reduced rates of pay, abolishes certain grades, etc. The bill was considered in sections, and all were agreed to as reported, with but slight modification, excepting the thirteenth, which transfers the Indian Bureau to the War Department. This was rejected.

March 11.—In the Senate, the Funding bill was passed by a vote of 32 to 10. Among the bills introduced was one to secure more efficient seamen for the navy, by providing for the appointment of a naval apprentice from each congressional district; and another to regulate telegraphic correspondence with foreign countries.—In the House, the General Deficiency bill was taken up. It appropriates an aggregate amount of $2,477,711 for deficiencies in the civil service for the present fiscal year. The largest items are as follows: For post-offices at New York, $400,000; Boston, $200,000; Mint at San Francisco, $100,000; and Reconstruction expenses, $385,000.

March 12.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House the day was entirely taken up with general debate.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Assembly of the New York Legislature has passed a bill, by a vote of 62 to 54, to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors. The clause in relation to the sale of lager beer or any other liquors on Sundays and election days, in any incorporated city, reads as follows:

"Licenses granted, as in this act provided, shall not authorize any person or persons to expose for sale, or sell, give away or dispose of, any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer, on any day between the hours of one and five o'clock in the morning or on any day upon which a general or special election shall be held, within one-quarter of a mile from the place where the same shall be held, or on Sunday. And all places licensed as aforesaid shall be closed and kept closed on Sundays and election days, and between the hours aforesaid on all other days. Nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent hotels from receiving and otherwise entertaining the traveling public upon Sundays, or from *allowing free ingress or egress on that day from any place so licensed as aforesaid, or from preventing the sale of lager beer* within the limits of any city and in the counties of New York and Kings on that day in any public garden or other place, not in public view, licensed as aforesaid."

The words in italics seem to open a pretty wide door for Sunday traffic in liquor.

At a recent caucus of the Democratic members of the Assembly the abolition of the City Commissions was discussed, the exemption of the Central Park Commission being the point of difference. It was agreed that all should be abolished. The Senate, it is said, desires to leave the Central Park Commission undisturbed.

The trial of M'Farland, indicted for the murder of Richardson, is to commence on the first Monday in April.

The Republicans of New Hampshire have re-elected Governor Stearns by a considerable majority.

After a boisterous but uneventful passage of 49 days from Bremen the steamer *Smidt* arrived at this port in safety on the 11th inst. The *City of Boston* has not yet been heard from.

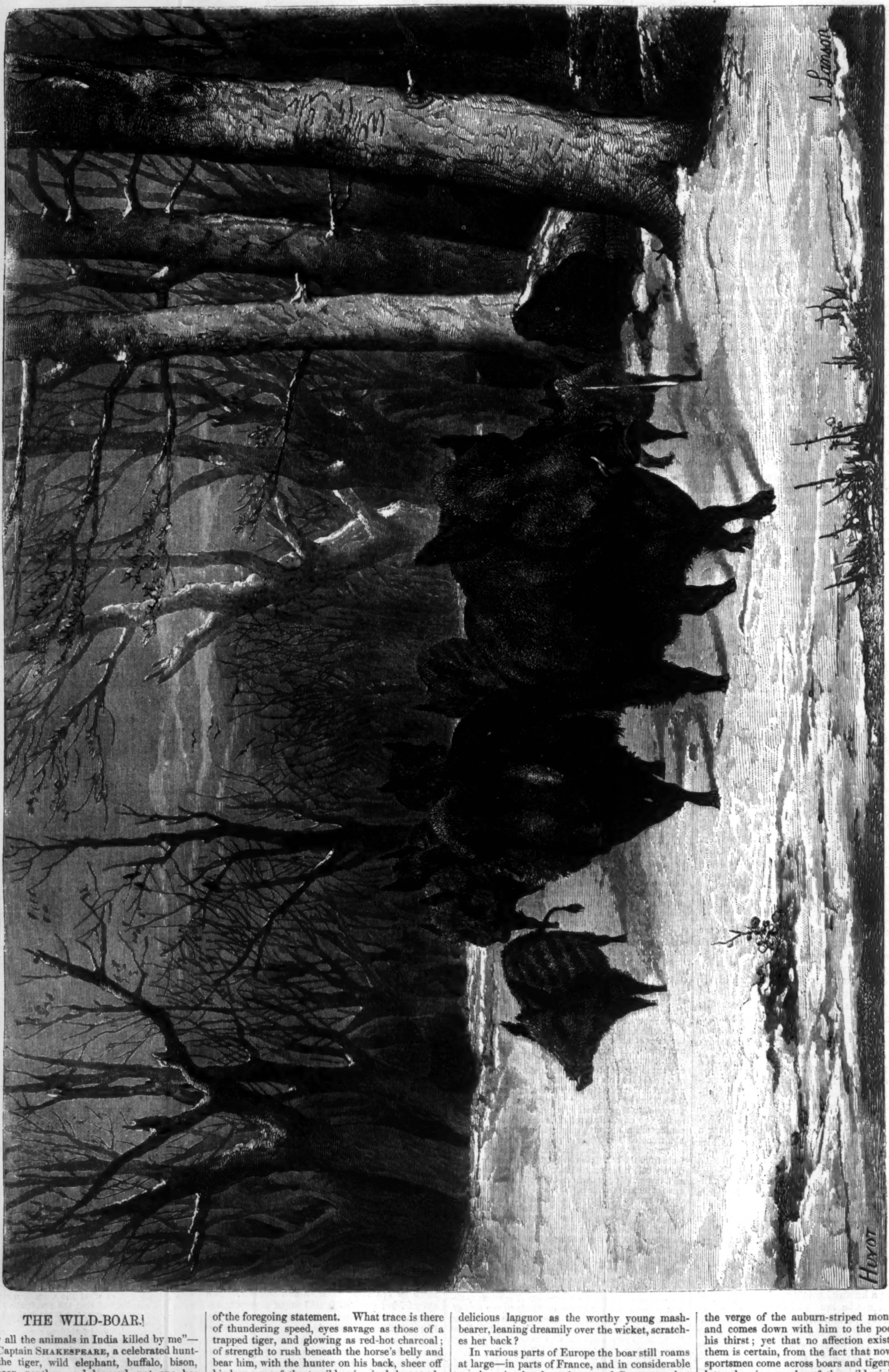
FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported from Rome that a *schema* on infallibility was recently distributed to the members of the Œcumenical Council. It asserts that the Church possesses supreme and complete primacy, and that the principality over the universal Church was received with plenitude of power from the Lord himself by St. Peter, of whom the Pontiff is the successor. All questions of faith must be determined under that power; else the words of the Lord to Peter would be disregarded. This is proved by results. In the Apostolic See, Catholic and immaculate, the doctrine has always been fully maintained; consequently "we inculcate, with the concurrence of the Council, and define as a dogma of faith, that, thanks to Divine assistance, the Roman Pontiff, of whom it was said in the person of Peter by Christ, 'I have prayed for all,' can not err when acting as supreme teacher of all Christians." The *schema* defines what the Church must hold in faith and morals, and that the prerogative of Papal infallibility extends over the same matters to which the infallibility of the Church is applicable. "If any should dare, which God forbid, to controvert the present definition, let him know that he departs from the true faith." The French and other Governments have demanded that their diplomatic representatives shall be present at the deliberations of the Council.

A duel has taken place near Madrid between the Duke de Montpensier and Prince Henri de Bourbon, growing out of a political letter written by the Prince to the friends of the Duke. The Prince fell dead at the third fire, shot through the head.

The death of Count Montalembert, the leader of the Liberal Catholic party in France, took place at Paris on the 13th instant. He was in his sixtieth year.

Mr. Charles Dickens has had an interview with Queen Victoria, by royal invitation.



WILD-BOARS.

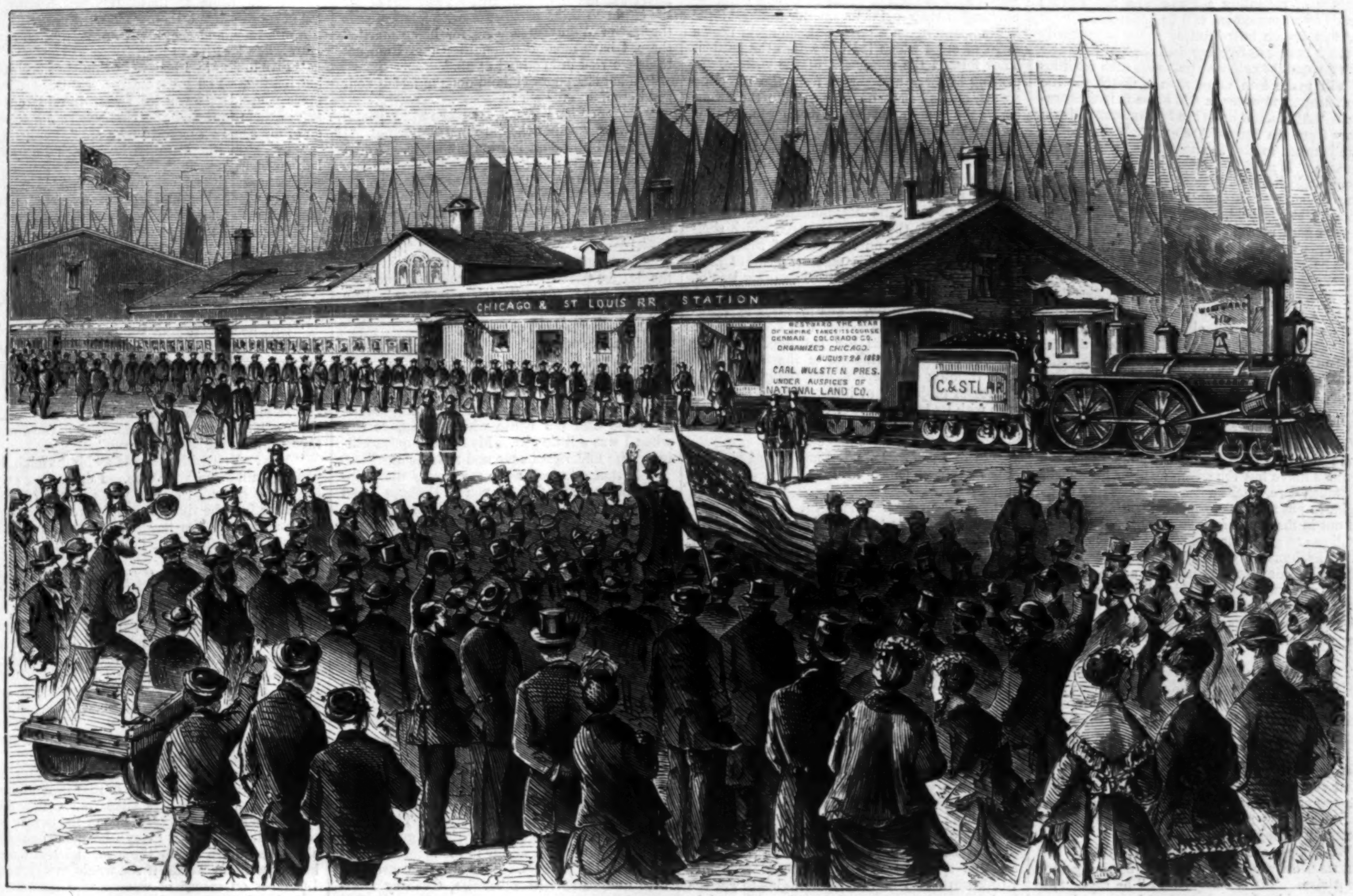
THE WILD-BOAR.

"OF all the animals in India killed by me"—writes Captain **SHAKESPEARE**, a celebrated hunter—"the tiger, wild elephant, buffalo, bison, bear, boar, panther, and leopard, not one has ever made good his charge against the deadly bullets of my heavy rifle, or against the spear, save the wild-boar and panther. I consider hog-hunting to be the finest sport in the world."

It is difficult for one who has only seen the pig in a domestic state to realize the force and truth of the foregoing statement. What trace is there of thundering speed, eyes savage as those of a trapped tiger, and glowing as red-hot charcoal; of strength to rush beneath the horse's belly and bear him, with the hunter on his back, sheer off his legs; or of the terrible nine-inch-long tusk, which, entering the steed's flank, would plow a deep gory rut, ending only at the shoulder-bone? What trace is there of all this in the meek sow, affectionately cuddling her litter of tiny squeakers, or grunting her gratitude to Roger who replenishes her trough, and rolling her eyes with delicious languor as the worthy young mash-bearer, leaning dreamily over the wicket, scratches her back?

In various parts of Europe the boar still roams at large—in parts of France, and in considerable numbers in the deep forests of Germany; but little or nothing is done at the present day in boar-hunting. India is the great field for this sport, and the animals there found are certainly the largest and most formidable of any in the world. There the boar roams the jungle, fearing not even the terrible tiger; crops his dinner at the verge of the auburn-striped monster's lair, and comes down with him to the pool to slake his thirst; yet that no affection exists between them is certain, from the fact that now and then sportsmen come across boars and tigers dead, the latter bearing marks of the wild pig's tremendous tusks.

Boar-hunting in India is always conducted on horseback, and the chief weapon employed is the spear. Of this there are two kinds in use. The one adopted in Eastern Hindostan is called a "jobber," about six feet long, weighted heavily


CHICAGO & ST LOUIS RR STATION
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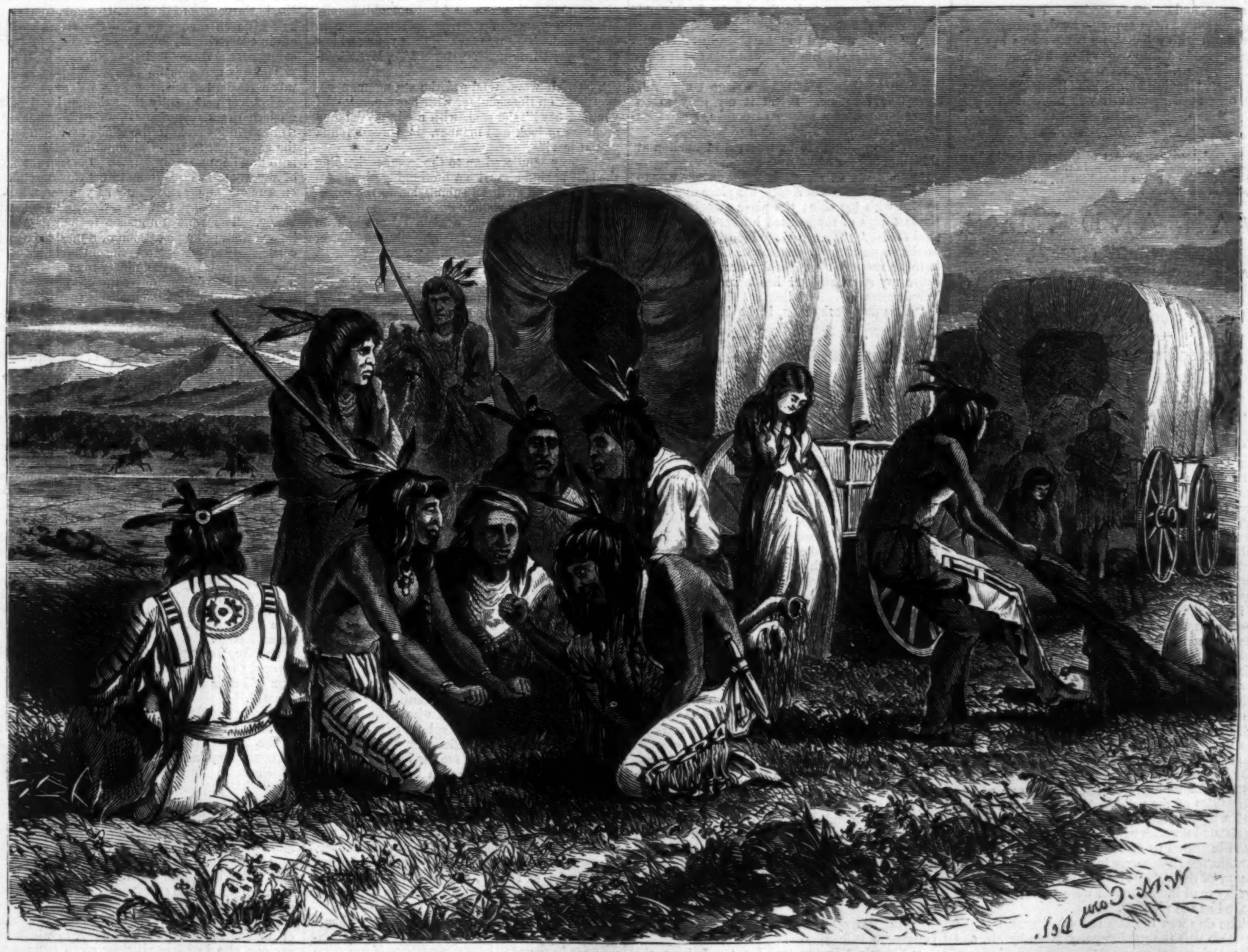
C.&ST.L.R.R.

DEPARTURE OF A COLONY OF EMIGRANTS FOR COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

at one end with lead. In Western Hindostan hunters have adopted a lance about ten feet in length, without any counterpoise. The writer's experience is, that the style of spear is of little consequence so long as the horse is thoroughly trained to the sport. Wherever a hog will go, even when hard pressed, there should the horse follow—up steep hills, down sudden slopes, over bushes, and along the face of rocks at an angle of forty degrees, and more slippery than the Nicolson pavement in foggy weather. It is very possible to have a horse too ardent: when it is considered that, when hard run, a boar has been known to tuck in his feet and fling himself over a bank fifteen feet deep, falling on his chest, to be up and off again in an instant, the disad-



INDIANS GAMBLING FOR THE POSSESSION OF A CAPTIVE.—SKETCHED BY M. W. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

vantage of mounting a horse who hunts boars for his own amusement will be apparent.

As in Indian boar-hunting there is generally as much racing as fighting, and the hunter's valor goes for naught unless he possesses such facilities as will make him more than a match for the fleet, tusked monster, a fast horse is indispensable. "At his first burst the Indian boar will run away from the fleetest Arab racer." Therefore care is taken to give the horse every possible advantage. It generally happens that the pasture-ground selected by the cunning boar is situated a long distance—ten, twenty, even thirty miles—from his strong-hold. Setting out in the evening, he goes at a steady pace, and reaches his feeding-place about the middle of the night. Here he gorges, as only hogs wild and tame can gorge, sugar-cane, or such other food as he fancies, and, strolling off, reaches home before daylight. This is the time to hunt him. He is full, tired, and sleepy, and altogether incapable of running his fastest. Indeed it may take a great gang of natives, with tomtoms, bells, cymbals, horns, and other implements of hideous Indian music, to rouse him from his covert; and roused he *must* be, for to penetrate to his sanctum afoot, however perfectly armed, would be a suicidal act. When roused, however, the boar will make the best running he can; and here the hunter's horse has the advantage, for his master has taken care, after he has had his supper over-night, to put a muzzle over his mouth, and he is led out in the morning empty and light, and in a condition to go at the fastest pace he is capable of. The hunter's great aim is to "blow" his formidable game at the first burst and bring him to bay, well knowing that if he allows the boar to keep the lead until he recovers his wind, his hungry horse will flag and droop his ears, while the game, with his tail erect, is still at a hard gallop.

The secret of riding a wild hog is to ride as close to him as you can, keeping him on the spear or right hand of you. You must be able to turn the horse with the hog, and therefore the horse must be always in hand. In short, when the hog flags in speed the hunter must be ready to make his horse spring upon him, so to speak. The spear then *goes through* the foe; and if the hog charges at the time, the increased impetus of two bodies meeting at such speed generally drives the spear through from end to end.

Wild pigs are found also in Africa. DU CHAILLU describes one variety as attaining very great size. "It is conspicuous," he says, "for a curious white face, adorned with several large, warty protuberances on each side, half-way between the eyes and nose. These, and the singularly long bristles which surround the eyes, and the long ears, ending in a tuft of coarse hair, have a very curious effect. The color of the body is red."

Most difficult game these red, hairy-eyed pigs appear to be. They are described as tremendously savage, and active as terriers. DU CHAILLU, singling a boar from among a herd, and bringing him down with a bullet, its companions in their fright "made a leap which must have measured over ten yards." "I have repeatedly seen them," says he, "leaping across the Ovenga, where by my own measurement it was more than eight yards wide."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIXTH SCENE.—SWANHAVEN LODGE.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (FIRST SOWING).

"NOT so large as Windygates. But—shall we say snug, Jones?"

"And comfortable, Smith. I quite agree with you."

Such was the judgment pronounced by the two choral gentlemen on Julius Delamayn's house in Scotland. It was, as usual with Smith and Jones, a sound judgment—as far as it went. Swanhaven Lodge was not half the size of Windygates; but it had been inhabited for two centuries when the foundations of Windygates were first laid—and it possessed the advantages, without inheriting the drawbacks, of its age. There is in an old house a friendly adaptation to the human character, as there is in an old hat a friendly adaptation to the human head. The visitor who left Swanhaven quitted it with something like a sense of leaving home. Among the few houses not our own which take a strong hold on our sympathies this was one. The ornamental grounds were far inferior in size and splendor to the grounds at Windygates. But the park was beautiful—less carefully laid out, but also less monotonous than an English park. The lake on the northern boundary of the estate, famous for its breed of swans, was one of the curiosities of the neighborhood; and the house had a history, associating it with more than one celebrated Scottish name, which had been written and illustrated by Julius Delamayn. Visitors to Swanhaven Lodge were invariably presented with a copy of the volume (privately printed). One in twenty read it. The rest were "charmed," and looked at the pictures.

The day was the last day of August, and the occasion was the garden-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Delamayn.

Smith and Jones—following, with the other guests at Windygates, in Lady Lundie's train—exchanged their opinions on the merits of the house, standing on a terrace at the back, near a flight of steps which led down into the garden. They formed the van-guard of the visitors, appearing by twos and threes from the reception rooms, and all bent on going to see the swans before the amusements of the day began. Julius Delamayn came out with the first detachment, recruited Smith and Jones, and other wandering bachelors, by the way, and set forth for the lake. An interval of a minute or two passed—and the terrace remained empty. Then two ladies—at the head of a second detachment of visitors—appeared under the old stone porch which sheltered the entrance on that side of the house. One of the ladies was a modest, pleasant little person, very simply dressed. The other was of the tall and formidable type of "fine women," clad in dazzling array. The first was Mrs. Julius Delamayn. The second was Lady Lundie.

"Exquisite!" cried her ladyship, surveying the old mullioned windows of the house, with their framing of creepers, and the grand stone buttresses projecting at intervals from the wall, each with its bright little circle of flowers blooming round the base. "I am really grieved that Sir Patrick should have missed this."

"I think you said, Lady Lundie, that Sir Patrick had been called to Edinburgh by family business?"

"Business, Mrs. Delamayn, which is any thing but agreeable to me, as one member of the family. It has altered all my arrangements for the autumn. My step-daughter is to be married next week."

"Is it so near as that? May I ask who the gentleman is?"

"Mr. Arnold Brinkworth."

"Surely I have some association with that name?"

"You have probably heard of him, Mrs. Delamayn, as the heir to Miss Brinkworth's Scotch property?"

"Exactly! Have you brought Mr. Brinkworth here to-day?"

"I bring his apologies, as well as Sir Patrick's. They went to Edinburgh together the day before yesterday. The lawyers engage to have the settlements ready in three or four days more, if a personal consultation can be managed. Some formal question, I believe, connected with title-deeds. Sir Patrick thought the safest way and the speediest way would be to take Mr. Brinkworth with him to Edinburgh—to get the business over to-day—and to wait until we join them, on our way south, to-morrow."

"You leave Windygates, in this lovely weather?"

"Most unwillingly! The truth is, Mrs. Delamayn, I am at my step-daughter's mercy. Her uncle has the authority, as her guardian—and the use he makes of it is to give her her own way in every thing. It was only on Friday last that she consented to let the day be fixed—and even then she made it a positive condition that the marriage was not to take place in Scotland. Pure willfulness! But what can I do? Sir Patrick submits; and Mr. Brinkworth submits. If I am to be present at the marriage I must follow their example. I feel it my duty to be present—and, as a matter of course, I sacrifice myself. We start for London to-morrow."

"Is Miss Lundie to be married in London at this time of year?"

"No. We only pass through, on our way to Sir Patrick's place in Kent—the place that came to him with the title; the place associated with the last days of my beloved husband. Another trial for *me!* The marriage is to be solemnized on the scene of my bereavement. My old wound is to be reopened on Monday next—simply because my step-daughter has taken a dislike to Windygates."

"This day week, then, is the day of the marriage?"

"Yes. This day week. There have been reasons for hurrying it which I need not trouble you with. No words can say how I wish it was over.—But, my dear Mrs. Delamayn, how thoughtless of me to assail *you* with my family worries! You are *so* sympathetic. That is my only excuse. Don't let me keep you from your guests. I could linger in this sweet place forever! Where is Mrs. Glenarm?"

"I really don't know. I missed her when we came out on the terrace. She will very likely join us at the lake. Do you care about seeing the lake, Lady Lundie?"

"I adore the beauties of Nature, Mrs. Delamayn—especially lakes!"

"We have something to show you besides; we have a breed of swans on the lake, peculiar to the place. My husband has gone on with some of our friends; and I believe we are expected to follow, as soon as the rest of the party—in charge of my sister—have seen the house."

"And what a house, Mrs. Delamayn! Historical associations in every corner of it! It is *such* a relief to my mind to take refuge in the past. When I am far away from this sweet place I shall people Swanhaven with its departed inmates, and share the joys and sorrows of centuries since."

As Lady Lundie announced, in these terms, her intention of adding to the population of the past, the last of the guests who had been roaming over the old house appeared under the porch. Among the members forming this final addition to the garden-party were Blanche, and a friend of her own age whom she had met at Swanhaven. The two girls lagged behind the rest, talking confidentially, arm in arm—the subject (it is surely needless to add?) being the coming marriage.

"But, dearest Blanche, why are you not to be married at Windygates?"

"I detest Windygates, Janet. I have the most miserable associations with the place. Don't ask me what they are! The effort of my life is not to think of them now. I long to see the last of Windygates. As for being married there, I have made it a condition that I am not to be married in Scotland at all."

"What has poor Scotland done to forfeit your good opinion, my dear?"

"Poor Scotland, Janet, is a place where people don't know whether they are married or not. I have heard all about it from my uncle. And I know somebody who has been a victim—an innocent victim—to a Scotch marriage."

"Absurd, Blanche! You are thinking of runaway matches, and making Scotland responsible for the difficulties of people who daren't own the truth!"

"I am not at all absurd. I am thinking of the dearest friend I have. If you only knew—"

"My dear! *I* am Scotch, remember! You can be married just as well—I really must insist on that—in Scotland as in England."

"I hate Scotland!"

"Blanche!"

"I never was so unhappy in my life as I have been in Scotland. I never want to see it again. I am determined to be married in England—from the dear old house where I used to live when I was a little girl. My uncle is quite willing. *He* understands me and feels for me."

"Is that as much as to say that *I* don't understand you and feel for you? Perhaps I had better relieve you of my company, Blanche?"

"If you are going to speak to me in that way, perhaps you had!"

"Am I to hear my native country run down and not to say a word in defense of it?"

"Oh! you Scotch people make such a fuss about your native country!"

"*We* Scotch people! you are of Scotch extraction yourself, and you ought to be ashamed to talk in that way. I wish you good-morning!"

"I wish you a better temper!"

A minute since the two young ladies had been like twin roses on one stalk. Now they parted with red cheeks and hostile sentiments and cutting words. How ardent is the warmth of youth! how unspeakably delicate the fragility of female friendship!

The flock of visitors followed Mrs. Delamayn to the shores of the lake. For a few minutes after the terrace was left a solitude. Then there appeared under the porch a single gentleman, lounging out with a flower in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. This was the strongest man at Swanhaven—otherwise, Geoffrey Delamayn.

After a moment a lady appeared behind him, walking softly, so as not to be heard. She was superbly dressed after the newest and the most costly Parisian design. The brooch on her bosom was a single diamond of resplendent water and great size. The fan in her hand was a master-piece of the finest Indian workmanship. She looked what she was, a person possessed of plenty of superfluous money, but not additionally blest with plenty of superfluous intelligence to correspond. This was the childless young widow of the great iron-master—otherwise, Mrs. Glenarm.

The rich woman tapped the strong man coquettishly on the shoulder with her fan. "Ah! you bad boy!" she said, with a slightly-labored archness of look and manner. "Have I found you at last!"

Geoffrey sauntered on to the terrace—keeping the lady behind him with a thoroughly savage superiority to all civilized submission to the sex—and looked at his watch.

"I said I'd come here when I'd got half an hour to myself," he mumbled, turning the flower carelessly between his teeth. "I've got half an hour, and here I am."

"Did you come for the sake of seeing the visitors, or did you come for the sake of seeing Me?"

Geoffrey smiled graciously, and gave the flower another turn in his teeth. "You. Of course."

The iron-master's widow took his arm, and looked up at him—as only a young woman would have dared to look up—with the searching summer light streaming in its full brilliancy on her face.

Reduced to the plain expression of what it is really worth, the average English idea of beauty in women may be summed up in three words—youth, health, plumpness. The more spiritual charm of intelligence and vivacity, the subtler attraction of delicacy of line and fitness of detail, are little looked for and seldom appreciated by the mass of men in this island. It is impossible otherwise to account for the extraordinary blindness of perception which (to give one instance only) makes nine Englishmen out of ten who visit France come back declaring that they have not seen a single pretty Frenchwoman, in or out of Paris, in the whole country. Our popular type of beauty proclaims itself, in its fullest material development, at every shop in which an illustrated periodical is sold. The same fleshy-faced girl, with the same inane smile, and with no other expression whatever, appears under every form of illustration, week after week, and month after month, all the year round. Those who wish to know what Mrs. Glenarm was like, have only to go out and stop at any bookseller's or news-vendor's shop, and there they will see her in the first illustration, with a young woman in it, which they discover in the window. The one noticeable peculiarity in Mrs. Glenarm's purely commonplace and purely material beauty, which would have struck an observant and a cultivated man, was the curious girlishness of her look and manner. No stranger speaking to this woman—who had been a wife at twenty, and who was now a widow at twenty-four—would ever have thought of addressing her otherwise than as "Miss."

"Is that the use you make of a flower when I give it to you?" she said to Geoffrey. "Mumbling it in your teeth, you wretch, as if you were a horse!"

"If you come to that," returned Geoffrey, "I'm more a horse than a man. I'm going to run in a race, and the public are betting on me. Haw! haw! Five to four."

"Five to four! I believe he thinks of nothing but betting. You great heavy creature, I can't move you. Don't you see I want to go like the rest of them to the lake? No! you're not to let go of my arm! You're to take me."

"Can't do it. Must be back with Perry in half an hour."

(Perry was the trainer from London. He had arrived sooner than he had been expected, and had entered on his functions three days since.)

"Don't talk to me about Perry! A little vulgar wretch. Put him off. You won't? Do you mean to say you are such a brute that you would rather be with Perry than be with me?"

"The betting's at five to four, my dear. And the race comes off in a month from this."

"Oh! go away to your beloved Perry! I hate you. I hope you'll lose the race. Stop in your cottage. Pray don't come back to the house. And—mind this!—don't presume to say 'my dear' to me again."

"It ain't presuming half far enough, is it? Wait a bit. Give me till the race is run—and then I'll presume to marry you."

"You! You will be as old as Methuselah, if you wait till I am your wife. I dare say Perry has got a sister. Suppose you ask him? She would be just the right person for you."

Geoffrey gave the flower another turn in his teeth, and looked as if he thought the idea worth considering.

"All right," he said. "Any thing to be agreeable to you. I'll ask Perry."

He turned away, as if he was going to do it at once. Mrs. Glenarm put out a little hand, ravishingly clothed in a blush-colored glove, and laid it on the athlete's mighty arm. She pinched those iron muscles (the pride and glory of England) gently. "What a man you are!" she said. "I never met with any body like you before!"

The whole secret of the power that Geoffrey had acquired over her was in those words.

They had been together at Swanhaven for little more than ten days; and in that time he had made the conquest of Mrs. Glenarm. On the day before the garden-party—in one of the leisure intervals allowed him by Perry—he had caught her alone, had taken her by the arm, and had asked her, in so many words, if she would marry him. Instances on record of women who have been wooed and won in ten days are—to speak it with all possible respect—not wanting. But an instance of a woman willing to have it known still remains to be discovered. The iron-master's widow exacted a promise of secrecy before she committed herself. When Geoffrey had pledged his word to hold his tongue in public until she gave him leave to speak, Mrs. Glenarm, without further hesitation, said Yes—having, be it observed, said No, in the course of the last two years, to at least half a dozen men who were Geoffrey's superiors in every conceivable respect, except personal comeliness and personal strength.

There is a reason for every thing; and there was a reason for this.

However persistently the epicene theorists of modern times may deny it, it is nevertheless a truth plainly visible in the whole past history of the sexes that the natural condition of a woman is to find her master in a man. Look in the face of any woman who is in no direct way dependent on a man; and, as certainly as you see the sun in a cloudless sky, you see a woman who is not happy. The want of a master is their great unknown want; the possession of a master is—unconsciously to themselves—the only possible completion of their lives. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this one primitive instinct is at the bottom of the otherwise-inexplicable sacrifice, when we see a woman, of her own free will, throw herself away on a man who is unworthy of her. This one primitive instinct was at the bottom of the otherwise-inexplicable facility of self-surrender exhibited by Mrs. Glenarm.

Up to the time of her meeting with Geoffrey, the young widow had gathered but one experience in her intercourse with the world—the experience of a chartered tyrant. In the brief six months of her married life with the man whose grand-daughter she might have been—and ought to have been—she had only to lift her finger to be obeyed. The doting old husband was the willing slave of the petulant young wife's slightest caprice. At a later period, when society offered its triple welcome to her birth, her beauty, and her wealth—go where she might, she found herself the object of the same prostrate admiration among the suitors who vied with each other in the rivalry for her hand. For the first time in her life she encountered a man with a will of his own when she met Geoffrey Delamayn at Swanhaven Lodge.

Geoffrey's occupation of the moment especially favored the conflict between the woman's assertion of her influence and the man's assertion of his will.

During the days that had intervened between his return to his brother's house and the arrival of the trainer Geoffrey had submitted himself to all needful preliminaries of the physical discipline which was to prepare him for the race. He knew, by previous experience, what exercise he ought to take, what hours he ought to keep, what temptations at the table he was bound to resist. Over and over again Mrs. Glenarm tried to lure him into committing infractions of his own discipline—and over and over again the influence with men which had never failed her before failed her now. Nothing she could say, nothing she could do, would move *this* man. Perry arrived; and Geoffrey's defiance of every attempted exercise of the charming feminine tyranny, to which every one else had bowed, grew more outrageous and more immovable than ever. Mrs. Glenarm became as jealous of Perry as if Perry had been a woman. She flew into passions; she burst into tears; she flirted with other men; she threatened to leave the house. All quite useless! Geoffrey never once missed an appointment with Perry; never once touched any thing to eat or drink that she could offer him, if Perry had forbidden it. No other human pursuit is so hostile to the influence of the sex as the pursuit of athletic sports. No men are so entirely beyond the reach of women as the men whose lives are passed in the cultivation of their own physical strength. Geoffrey resisted Mrs. Glenarm without the slightest effort. He casually extorted her admiration, and undesignedly forced her respect. She clung to him, as a hero; she recoiled from him, as a brute; she struggled with him, submitted to him, despised him, adored him, in a breath. And the clew to it all, confused and contradictory as it seemed, lay in one simple fact—Mrs. Glenarm had found her master.

"Take me to the lake, Geoffrey!" she said, with a little pleading pressure of the blush-colored hand.

Geoffrey looked at his watch. "Perry expects me in twenty minutes," he said.

"Perry again!"

"Yes."

Mrs. Glenarm raised her fan, in a sudden outburst of fury, and broke it with one smart blow on Geoffrey's face.

"There!" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "My poor fan broken! You monster, all through you!"

Geoffrey coolly took the broken fan and put it in his pocket. "I'll write to London," he said, "and get you another. Come along! Kiss, and make it up."

He looked over each shoulder, to make sure that they were alone; then lifted her off the ground (she was no light weight), held her up in the air like a baby, and gave her a rough loud-sounding kiss on each cheek. "With kind compliments from yours truly!" he said—and burst out laughing, and put her down again.

"How dare you do that?" cried Mrs. Glenarm. "I shall claim Mrs. Delamayn's protection if I am to be insulted in this way! I will never forgive you, Sir!" As she said those indignant words she shot a look at him which flatly contradicted them. The next moment she was leaning on his arm, and was looking at him wonderingly, for the thousandth time, as an entire novelty in her experience of male human kind. "How rough you are, Geoffrey!" she said, softly. He smiled in recognition of that artless homage to the manly virtue of his character. She saw the smile, and instantly made another effort to dispute the hateful supremacy of Perry. "Put him off!" whispered the daughter of Eve, determined to lure Adam into taking a bite of the apple. "Come, Geoffrey, dear, never mind Perry, this once. Take me to the lake!"

Geoffrey looked at his watch. "Perry expects me in a quarter of an hour," he said.

Mrs. Glenarm's indignation assumed a new form. She burst out crying. Geoffrey surveyed her for a moment with a broad stare of surprise—and then took her by both arms, and shook her.

"Look here!" he said, impatiently. "Can you coach me through my training?"

"I would if I could!"

"That's nothing to do with it! Can you turn me out, fit, on the day of the race? Yes? or No?"

"No."

"Then dry your eyes, and let Perry do it."

Mrs. Glenarm dried her eyes, and made another effort.

"I'm not fit to be seen," she said. "I'm so agitated, I don't know what to do. Come indoors, Geoffrey—and have a cup of tea."

Geoffrey shook his head. "Perry forbids tea," he said, "in the middle of the day."

"You brute!" cried Mrs. Glenarm.

"Do you want me to lose the race?" retorted Geoffrey.

"Yes!"

With that answer she left him at last, and ran back into the house.

Geoffrey took a turn on the terrace—considered a little—stopped—and looked at the porch under which the irate widow had disappeared from his view. "Ten thousand a year," he said, thinking of the matrimonial prospect which he was placing in peril. "And devilish well earned," he added, going into the house, under protest, to appease Mrs. Glenarm.

The offended lady was on a sofa, in the solitary drawing-room. Geoffrey sat down by her. She declined to look at him. "Don't be a fool!" said Geoffrey, in his most persuasive manner. Mrs. Glenarm put her handkerchief to her eyes. Geoffrey took it away again without ceremony. Mrs. Glenarm rose to leave the room. Geoffrey stopped her by main force. Mrs. Glenarm threatened to summon the servants. Geoffrey said, "All right! I don't care if the whole house knows I'm fond of you!" Mrs. Glenarm looked at the door, and whispered, "Hush! for Heaven's sake!" Geoffrey put her arm in his, and said, "Come along with me: I've got something to say to you." Mrs. Glenarm drew back, and shook her head. Geoffrey put his arm round her waist, and walked her out of the room, and out of the house—taking the direction, not of the terrace, but of a fir plantation on the opposite side of the grounds. Arrived among the trees, he stopped and held up a warning forefinger before the offended lady's face. "You're just the sort of woman I like," he said; "and there ain't a man living who's half as sweet on you as I am. You leave off bullying me about Perry, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll let you see me take a Sprint."

He drew back a step, and fixed his big blue eyes on her, with a look which said, "You are a highly-favored woman, if ever there was one yet!" Curiosity instantly took the leading place among the emotions of Mrs. Glenarm. "What's a Sprint, Geoffrey?" she asked.

"A short run, to try me at the top of my speed. There ain't another living soul in all England that I'd let see it but you. *Now* am I a brute?"

Mrs. Glenarm was conquered again, for the hundredth time at least. She said, softly, "Oh, Geoffrey, if you could only be always like this!" Her eyes lifted themselves admiringly to his. She took his arm again of her own accord, and pressed it with a loving clasp. Geoffrey prophetically felt the ten thousand a year in his pocket. "Do you really love me?" whispered Mrs. Glenarm. "Don't I!" answered the hero. The peace was made, and the two walked on again.

They passed through the plantation, and came out on some open ground, rising and falling prettily, in little hillocks and hollows. The last of the hillocks sloped down into a smooth level plain, with a fringe of sheltering trees on its farther side—with a snug little stone cottage among the trees—and with a smart little man, walking up and down before the cottage, holding his hands behind him. The level plain was the hero's exercising ground; the cottage was the hero's retreat; and the smart little man was the hero's trainer.

If Mrs. Glenarm hated Perry, Perry (judging by appearances) was in no danger of loving Mrs. Glenarm. As Geoffrey approached with his companion, the trainer came to a stand-still, and stared silently at the lady. The lady, on her side, declined to observe that any such person as the trainer was then in existence, and present in bodily form on the scene.

"How about time?" said Geoffrey.

Perry consulted an elaborate watch, constructed to mark time to the fifth of a second, and answered Geoffrey, with his eye all the while on Mrs. Glenarm.

"You've got five minutes to spare."

"Show me where you run; I'm dying to see it!" said the eager widow, taking possession of Geoffrey's arm with both hands.

Geoffrey led her back to a place (marked by a sapling with a little flag attached to it) at some short distance from the cottage. She glided along by his side, with subtle undulations of movement which appeared to complete the exasperation of Perry. He waited until she was out of hearing—and then he invoked (let us say) the blasts of heaven on the fashionably-dressed head of Mrs. Glenarm.

"You take your place there," said Geoffrey, posting her by the sapling. "When I pass you—" He stopped, and surveyed her with a good-humored, masculine pity. "How the devil am I to make you understand it?" he went on. "Look here! when I pass you, it will be at what you would call (if I was a horse) full gallop. Hold your tongue—I haven't done yet. You're to look on after me as I leave you, to where the edge of the cottage wall cuts the trees. When you have lost sight of me behind the wall, you'll have seen me run my three hundred yards from this flag. You're in luck's way! Perry tries me at the long Sprint to-day. You understand you're to stop here? Very well then—let me go and get my toggery on."

"Sha'n't I see you again, Geoffrey?"

"Haven't I just told you that you'll see me run?"

"Yes—but after that?"

"After that, I'm sponged and rubbed down—and rest in the cottage."

"You'll come to us this evening?"

He nodded, and left her. The face of Perry looked unutterable things when he and Geoffrey met at the door of the cottage.

"I've got a question to ask you, Mr. Delamayn," said the trainer. "Do you want me? or don't you?"

"Of course I want you."

"What did I say when I first come here?" proceeded Perry, sternly. "I said, 'I won't have nobody a looking on at a man I'm training. These here ladies and gentlemen may all have made up their minds to see you. I've made up *my* mind not to have no lookers-on. I won't have you timed at your work by nobody but me. I won't have every blessed yard of ground you cover put in the noospapers. I won't have a living soul in the secret of what you can do, and what you can't, except our two selves.'—Did I say that, Mr. Delamayn? or didn't I?"

"All right!"

"Did I say it? or didn't I?"

"Of course you did!"

"Then don't you bring no more women here. It's clean against rules. And I won't have it."

Any other living creature adopting this tone of remonstrance would probably have had reason to repent it. But Geoffrey himself was afraid to show his temper in the presence of Perry. In view of the coming race, the first and foremost of British trainers was not to be trifled with, even by the first and foremost of British athletes.

"She won't come again," said Geoffrey. "She's going away from Swanhaven in two days' time."

"I've put every shilling I'm worth in the world on you," pursued Perry, relapsing into tenderness. "And I tell you I felt it! It cut me to the heart when I see you coming along with a woman at your heels. It's a fraud on his backers, I says to myself—that's what it is, a fraud on his backers!"

"Shut up!" said Geoffrey. "And come and help me to win your money." He kicked open the door of the cottage—and athlete and trainer disappeared from view.

After waiting a few minutes by the little flag, Mrs. Glenarm saw the two men approaching her from the cottage. Dressed in a close-fitting costume, light and elastic, adapting itself to every movement, and made to answer every purpose required by the exercise in which he was about to engage, Geoffrey's physical advantages showed themselves in their best and bravest aspect. His head sat proud and easy on his firm, white throat, bared to the air. The rising of his mighty chest, as he drew in deep draughts of the fragrant summer breeze; the play of his lithe and supple loins; the easy, elastic stride of his straight and shapely legs, presented a triumph of physical manhood in its highest type. Mrs. Glenarm's eyes devoured him in silent admiration. He looked like a young god of mythology—like a statue animated with color and life. "Oh, Geoffrey!" she exclaimed, softly, as he went by. He neither answered, nor looked: he had other business on hand than listening to soft nonsense. He was gathering himself up for the effort; his lips were set; his fists were lightly clenched. Perry posted himself at his place, grim and silent, with the watch in his hand. Geoffrey walked on beyond the flag, so as to give himself start enough to reach his full speed as he passed it. "Now then!" said Perry. In an instant more, he flew by (to Mrs. Glenarm's excited imagination) like an arrow from a bow. His action was perfect. His speed, at its utmost rate of exertion, preserved its rare underlying elements of strength and steadiness. Less and less and less he grew to the eyes that followed his course; still lightly flying over the ground, still firmly keeping the straight line. A moment more, and the runner vanished behind the wall of the cottage, and the stop-watch of the trainer returned to its place in his pocket.

In her eagerness to know the result, Mrs. Glenarm forgot her jealousy of Perry.

"How long has he been?" she asked.

"There's a good many besides you would be glad to know that," said Perry.

"Mr. Delamayn will tell me, you rude man!"

"That depends, ma'am, on whether *I* tell *him*."

With this reply, Perry hurried back to the cottage.

Not a word passed while the trainer was attending to his man, and while the man was recovering his breath. When Geoffrey had been carefully rubbed down, and clothed again in his ordinary garments, Perry pulled a comfortable easy-chair out of a corner. Geoffrey fell into the chair, rather than sat down in it. Perry started, and looked at him attentively.

"Well?" said Geoffrey. "How about the time? Long? short? or middling?"

"Very good time," said Perry.

"How long?"

"When did you say the lady was going, Mr. Delamayn?"

"In two days."

"Very well, Sir. I'll tell you 'how long' when the lady's gone."

Geoffrey made no attempt to insist on an immediate reply. He smiled faintly. After an interval of less than ten minutes he stretched out his legs and closed his eyes.

"Going to sleep?" said Perry.

Geoffrey opened his eyes with an effort. "No," he said. The word had hardly passed his lips before his eyes closed again.

"Hullo!" said Perry, watching him. "I don't like that."

He went closer to the chair. There was no doubt about it. The man was asleep.

Perry emitted a long whistle under his breath. He stooped and laid two of his fingers softly on Geoffrey's pulse. The beat was slow, heavy, and labored. It was unmistakably the pulse of an exhausted man.

The trainer changed color, and took a turn in the room. He opened a cupboard, and produced from it his diary of the preceding year. The entries relating to the last occasion on which he had prepared Geoffrey for a foot-race included the fullest details. He turned to the report of the first trial, at three hundred yards, full speed. The time was, by one or two seconds, not so good as the time on this occasion. But the result, afterward, was utterly different. There it was, in Perry's own words: "Pulse good. Man in high spirits. Ready, if I would have let him, to run it over again."

Perry looked round at the same man, a year afterward—utterly worn out, and fast asleep in the chair.

He fetched pen, ink, and paper out of the cupboard, and wrote two letters—both marked "Private." The first was to a medical man, a great authority among trainers. The second was to Perry's own agent in London, whom he knew he could trust. The letter pledged the agent to the strictest secrecy, and directed him to back Geoffrey's opponent in the Foot-Race for a sum equal to the sum which Perry had betted on Geoffrey himself. "If you have got any money of your own on him," the letter concluded, "do as I do. 'Hedge'—and hold your tongue."

"Another of 'em gone stale!" said the trainer, looking round again at the sleeping man. "He'll lose the race."

INDIANS GAMBLING.

Our illustration on page 197 represents an emigrant train captured by the Indians while journeying across the plains. The chiefs are gambling for the possession of the female captive whom they have tied to the wheel of one of the wagons. They have a very singular and primitive mode of gambling. It is done by means of two sticks or stones. They take them in their hands, and, holding them behind their backs, separate them, or put both together in one hand; then, bringing them forward, ask the opposite chief to guess which hand they are in. If there is one in each hand it counts nothing; if both are together, and that hand is "guessed," he has chosen right. This process is repeated a certain number of times, until all have had their turn, when the one who has most often guessed right becomes possessor of the unfortunate captive. In this way the Indians often gamble away their horses, wives, and other possessions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

From the quarreling that is going on over the dogma of papal infallibility, it may be styled a *cat-and-dog-ma*.

When may one, taking a walk through English woods and vales, be said to resemble a sailor in a stormy night at sea?—When he passes a *night-in-gale*.

How to Cure a Cold.—First catch your cold; then proceed as with bacon.

A dandy, broadclothed, shiny-booted, gloved, beavered, and highly eye-glassed, was passing along Tremont Street, when he was approached by an innocent-looking youth, who said: "Mornin', Sir!" "Aw, my good fellow, what do you want of me?" "Nothin' much, Sir; only I would be obliged to ye if ye would help me down stairs with a parlor stove. I'm movin' from that house yonder."

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

GOOD SOUND ADVICE.

Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for your revenge.

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one.

Never fix your own price, but leave it "entirely to the liberality" of the gentleman, as the chances are you will get a good deal more by it.

Never sit next a young lady at dinner, for she only talks, and does not care about eating.

Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble, and no profit.

Never quarrel with your wife, as you will only have to make it up, and pay for the reconciliation in the shape of a season ticket at the opera, a trip to the springs, a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl.

Never mention you have received a legacy, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner.

Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

A Well-balanced Man—One with a large bank account.

One Sabbath afternoon an eloquent English minister, in his closing prayer, referred to a long-prevailing drought, and earnestly besought the Divine Giver of all good to vouchsafe some seasonable and much-wished-for rain. Immediately rain began to fall—the first for many weeks—and for a short time it fell like a shower-bath. Meantime, the church service having concluded, the congregation was dismissed, and then came the scramble for umbrellas. One lady, who had no umbrella with her, commenced to gather the skirts of her gown over her head before quitting the church vestibule, at the same time remarking to a neighbor, "Eh, wumman, isn't it too bad o' the doctor; he might hae lotten us hame first."

Gone all the dreams of early youth—
  Like morning's vanished ray!
Alas! that what we deem is truth
  Should ever fade away!

Gone all the friends whom once I knew,
  Companions of my prime;
I little thought such friendships true
  Could perish ere their time!

Gone! gone! Except one—one that shows
  How constancy endears:
My watchful watch! It never goes—
  It hasn't gone for years!

A youth, repentant, but incoherent, over his dissipation, signed the following pledge: "I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating beverages, otherwise than as a drink, and profanity, unless prescribed by a physician, at least four times a day, excepting cider."

Banks that have Failed this Winter—Snowbanks.

A man of the name of Pike was tried under the English Weights and Measures act for selling goods by unfair *scales*. The magistrate sentenced the unfortunate Pike to have his scales taken off.

A Vulgar Error Corrected.—The assertion so frequently made, that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time, is altogether erroneous, for who is there that can not stop a minute?

A rude fellow once told Mr. Barnum he had never exhibited any thing that wasn't a barefaced humbug. "Yes I have," said Barnum; "the *bearded lady* wasn't *barefaced*."

Useful Marriage—Wedded to one's business.

A Methodist preacher, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called upon one of them, and, after some questions, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday after receiving the sacrament. "Ay, master," replied the savage, "but I wish it had been brandy."

Taking People—Thieves.

A Chicago lawyer's name is to be stricken from the rolls "for unprofessional conduct." He probably left a few cents in the possession of his client, contrary to usage.

A lady, in passing through Connecticut last summer, observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken into grass—long tails, 3s. 6d.; short tails, 2s." She asked the owner of the land the reason of the difference of price. He answered: "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

A Silly-bus—For one woman to kiss another woman.

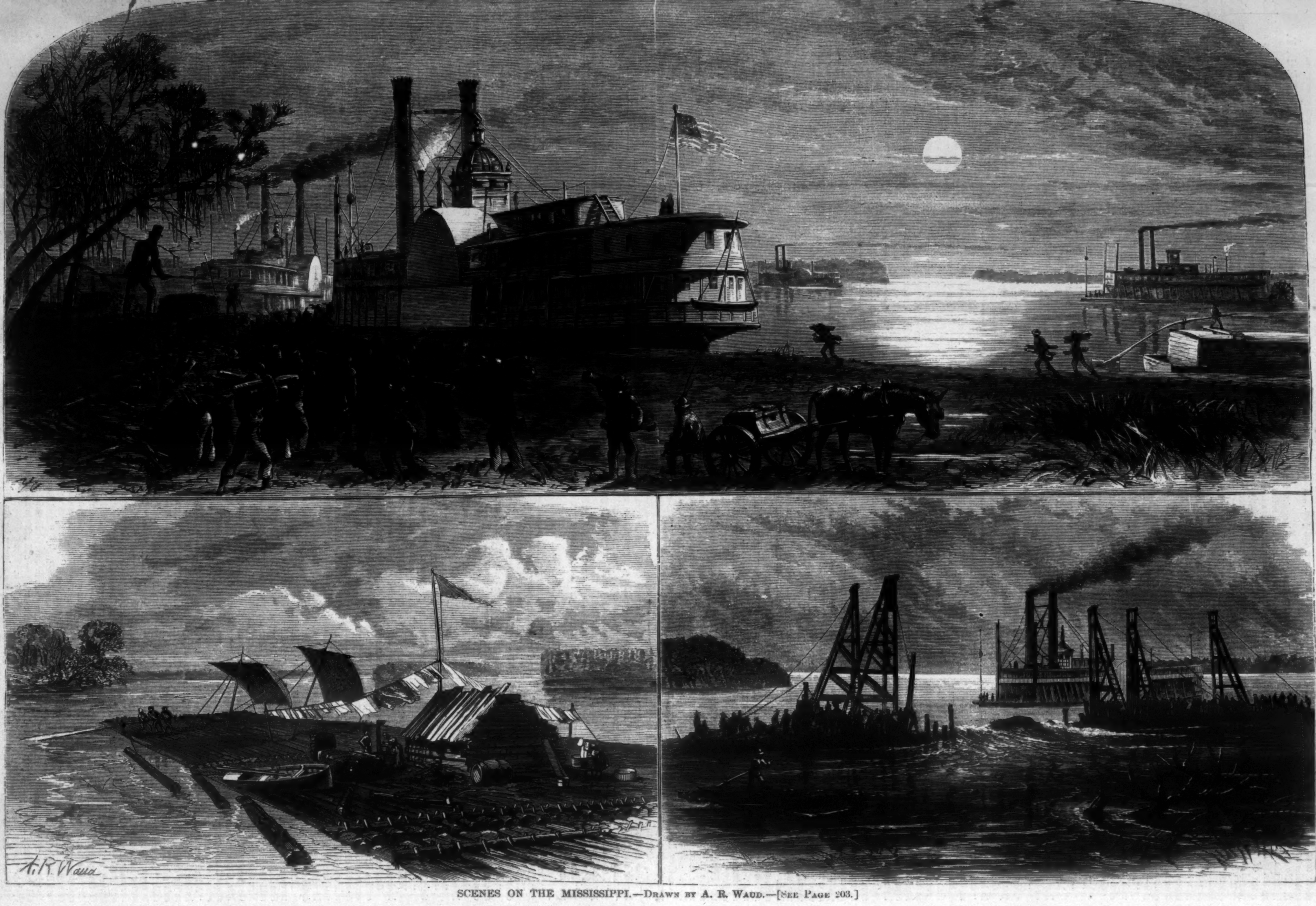
What medicine does a man take when he has a cross wife?—Elixir.

The landlord of the Stout House, at Fremont, sent a note a few days ago to a debtor, telling him that he was holding his note yet, and he would oblige him by paying it off. The debtor sent in haste this very consoling reply: "Mr. R. Stout: Dear Sir,—You say you are holding on to my note yet. That is all right—perfectly right. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours, affectionately, ——"

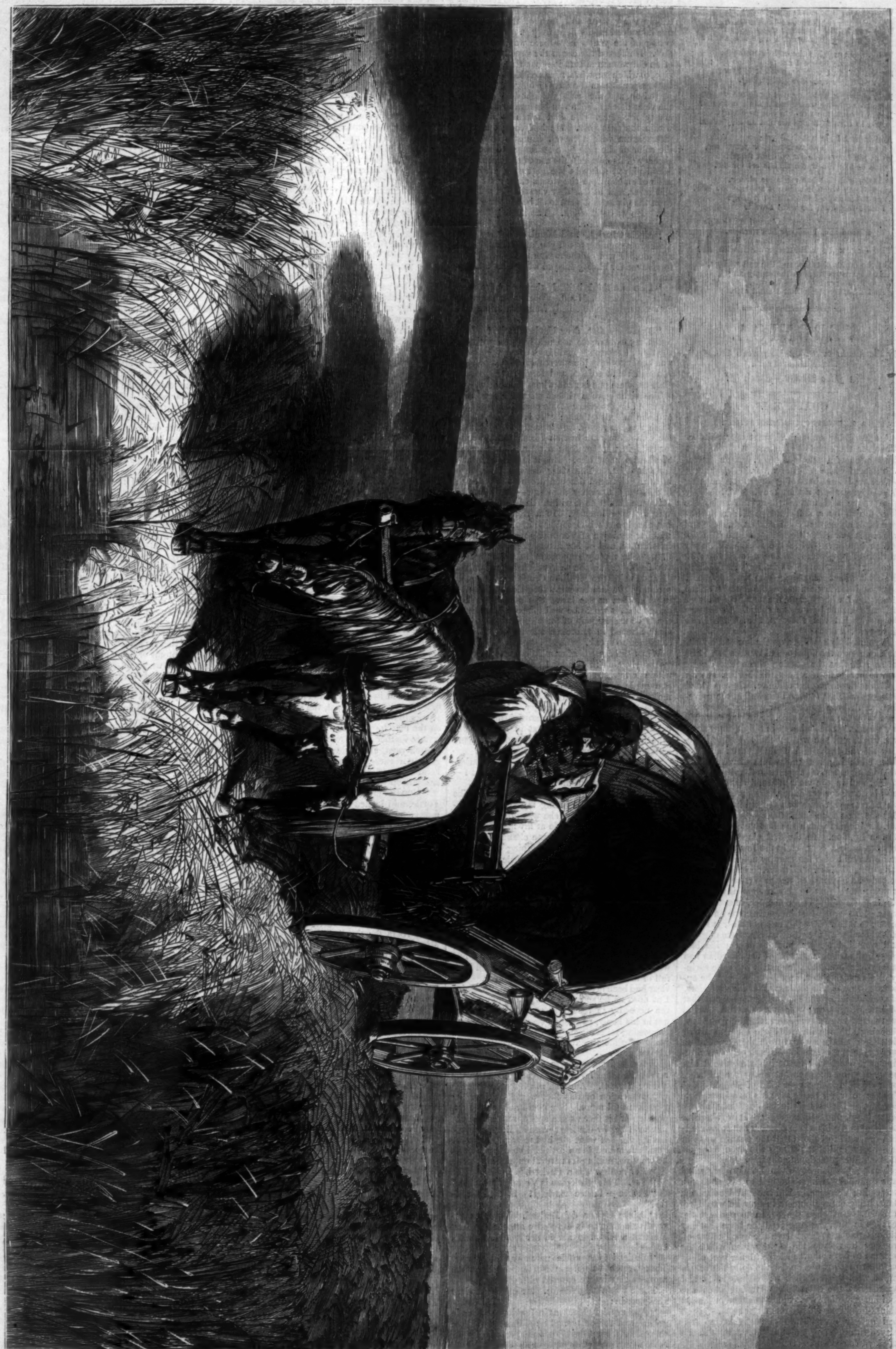
To Cure a Bachelor's Aches—Carry to the patient eleven yards of silk, with a woman in it.

A little boy, some time ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question, which followed, was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go?"

Joint Education—Gymnastics.



SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 203.]



THE WHISKY PEDDLER ON THE PLAINS.—[See Page 205.]

WAITING.

Will it be over to-day or to-morrow?
Will it last for a week, or a month, or a year;
This trance that is neither a joy nor a sorrow,
This waiting that is not a hope nor a fear?

While I am waiting the end draws near;
It will come before I am dead some day;
Shall I feel it, I wonder, when it is here?
Its coming seems like going away.

Is it only that watching has made me weary,
And that being weary has made me dream?
But in dreams the world is not so dreary,
And in dreams things are not as they seem.

And indeed I am not tired yet;
I have strength to wait what is yet to see,
What the hours I know will not forget,
The end of the watch that is set for me.

Is it the end that has made me strong,
Lest I say when it comes it is come too late?
Then till it came I should find it long:
I have forgotten for what I wait.

Then why are my thoughts bound up to this
By a bond that I neither feel nor see,
While the world goes by in bale or bliss?
Do I think the world keeps watch with me?

Yet the end will come, and the end will go,
And leave no trace in the empty air;
When it is over none will know,
And I hardly think that I shall care.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER I.

A RETROSPECTIVE MEDITATION.

An April day smiled and wept over Shipley. Wherever the clouds broke after a shower, the sky showed of a pale blue color. Near the zenith floated white robes of vapor. Below them were long lateral bars of gray cloud stretching singularly straight across the horizon. They were vague and unfinished at the ends, like lines drawn by a soft lead-pencil; and they seemed of about that color against the blue and white. A few early flowers peeped out in the garden borders. When the sun shone fitfully on the old yew-tree, it was seen to glisten with trembling diamond-drops of rain. A blackbird piped his sweet clear song from the shrubbery. Light and shadow animated the flatness of the distant wold, whence came the many-voiced bleat of lambs blended into one sound. A solitary sheep cropped the short turf in St. Gildas's grave-yard.

A young lady sat there on the low stone-wall, looking across the flats toward Danecester. She sat so still that the grazing sheep came quite near to her as its teeth cut the short grass with a crisp sound in regular cadence. It was Maud Desmond who sat there on the wall of the grave-yard, and whose golden hair was ruffled under her hat by the April breeze. She was absorbed in a reverie. She had been in Shipley now nearly a week, and she was mentally passing in review all the traits and circumstances she had observed during that time, which served to show what changes had taken place in the vicar's mode of life, and in the vicar himself, since she had left his house for her aunt's.

At first sight things had seemed little altered. But she soon found that there was a change in Mr. Levincourt which she had not observed in him in London. In the first place, he seemed to have broken completely the few relations he had ever held with his country neighbors in the rank of gentlefolks. That was perhaps to be expected with a character such as Mr. Levincourt's; it was natural that he should shun any possible occasion of reading in the manner, or even in the faces, of his equals that he had become an object of pity to them. But this was not all. It seemed to Maud that after the first paroxysm of grief, and wounded feeling, and crushed pride had ceased, the whole character of her guardian had subtly deteriorated. He shrank from the society of his equals; but, on the other hand, he appeared by no means to shun that of his inferiors. He would sit for hours enduring the baldest chat of Mrs. Meggitt, and women such as she. Maud was shocked and astonished to find him, one day, listening almost with avidity to some gossiping details of village scandal from the lips of Mugworthy, the parish clerk. The air of personal refinement which had formerly distinguished him seemed to be disappearing under the influence of a slipshod laziness—a kind of slothful indifference to every thing save his own immediate comfort. He was by turns querulous, almost lachrymose, and self-asserting. It was terrible to Maud to see his whole character thus lowered; and she tried to believe that the change was but temporary, and that perhaps she even exaggerated it in her affectionate anxiety.

During the journey from London her mind was full of that which she had to reveal to him respecting Veronica. And she had dreaded the task, being entirely uncertain how he would receive it. But when she began to perceive the change in him, she conceived the hope that her tidings might at least have the good effect of rousing him from the apathy into which he seemed to have allowed all the higher part of his nature to fall, while he fed the daily life of his mind with contemptible trivialities. She had approached the subject one evening when she and her guardian were alone together in the old chintz-furnished sitting-room after tea. Maud had quietly opened the piano-forte, and had played through softly a quaint andante from one of Haydn's sonatas.

The piece was chosen with the cunning instinct of affection. It was soothing and gracious, and yet, in its old-fashioned stateliness, it did not too deeply probe the spring of grief. The somewhat wiry tones of the well-worn instrument rendered crisply every twirl and turn of the brave old music under Maud's light fingers. In the very twang of the yellow keys there was a staid pathos. It affected the ear as the sweet worn voice of an old woman affects it—that thin quavering pipe, to which some heart has thrilled, some pulse beat responsive, in the days of long ago. Maud played on, and the spring twilight deepened, and the vicar listened, silent, in his arm-chair by the empty fire-place. He had taken to smoking within the past year. He had bought a great meerschaum with a carved fantastic bowl, and the color of the pipe bore testimony to the persistency of its owner in the use of the weed. As Maud played softly in the gathering dusk, the puffs of smoke from the vicar's chair grew rarer and rarer, and at last they ceased. Maud rose from the piano, and went to sit beside her guardian. He was still silent. The influence of the music was upon him.

"Uncle Charles," said Maud, in a low voice, "I have something to tell you, and something to ask you. I will do the asking first. Will you forgive me for having delayed what I have to say until now?"

"I do not think it likely that you have need of my forgiveness, Maud. What forgiveness is between us must be chiefly from you to me, not from me to you."

"Don't say that, dear Uncle Charles! You touch my conscience too nearly. And yet, at the time, I thought—and Hugh thought—that it was better to keep the secret for a while. I hope you will think so too, and forgive me. Uncle Charles, some one is dead whom you knew."

The vicar gave a violent start. Maud, with her hand on the elbow of his chair, felt it shake, and she added, quickly: "It is no one whose death you can regret. It is awful to think that the extinction of a human life should be cause for rejoicing, rather than sorrow, in the hearts of all who knew him. But it is so. Sir John Gale is dead." The vicar drew a long, deep breath. His head drooped down on his breast; but Maud felt, rather than saw—for it was by this time almost dark within the house—that he was listening intently. In a trembling voice, but clearly and with steadiness of purpose, Maud told her guardian of Veronica's marriage, of her inheritance, and of her actual presence in London. She merely suppressed in her narrative two facts. First, the will, which had made her (Maud) heiress to Sir John Gale's wealth; and, secondly, the late baronet's intention of defrauding Veronica at the last. She and Hugh had agreed that it would be well to spare Mr. Levincourt the useless pain of these revelations. The vicar listened in unbroken silence while Maud continued to speak.

When she ceased, after a little pause he said: "And she was in London! My daughter was within a few streets of me and made no sign! She made not any—the least—attempt to see me or to ask my pardon!"

His tone was deep and angry. He breathed quickly and noisily, like a man fighting against emotion. Still Maud felt that in his very reproach there was a hopeful symptom of some softening in the hardness of his resentment.

"She should have done so, dear Uncle Charles. I told her so, and she did not deny it. But I—I—believe she was afraid."

"Afraid! Veronica Levincourt afraid! She was not afraid of disgracing my home and imbittering my life. But she was afraid to come and abase her wicked pride at my feet, when she might have done so with some chance of bringing me—not comfort; no, nothing can cancel her evil past—but at least some little alleviation of the weight of disgrace that has been bowing me to the earth ever since her flight."

Maud could not but feel, with a sensation of shame at the feeling, that the vicar's words did not touch her heart. There was nothing in them that was not true. But in some way they rang hollow. How different it had been when the vicar had first discovered his daughter's flight, and afterward the name of the man she had fled with! Then every word, every gesture, had been full of terrible rage, and grief, and horror. The vicar had been in agonized earnest then, no doubt. But now, as he spoke, it was as though he felt the necessity of assuming something that was not in his heart, as though he were ashamed of expressing relief at Maud's news, and made it a point of pride to excite his own wrath against his daughter.

Maud had yet more to tell him. She must reveal the fact of Veronica's engagement to the Prince Barletti. And she much feared that the communication of this fact would imbitter her guardian still more. She could not see the expression of his face as she spoke, and he did not interrupt her by the least word until she paused, having finished what she had to say. Then the vicar murmured in an artificial voice, as though he were restraining its natural expression:

"Her mother was a Barletti."

"Yes. This gentleman is Veronica's cousin."

"Prince—Prince Barletti! Is that the title?"

"Prince Cesare de' Barletti. Veronica assured me that he is devotedly attached to her. He was a friend to her in her trouble abroad, and—"

"Barletti is a noble name—an old name. That wretch was a parvenu sprung from the mud—a clay image covered with gilding."

There was a long silence. At length the vicar spoke again:

"And my daughter was in London, and made no attempt to see me. She allows me to learn this news from other lips than her own! My sorrow, my misery, my suspense, matter nothing to her."

"Veronica told me that she would write to you as soon as we got back to Shipley. She said that she believed it best, on the sole ground of consideration for you, for her to wait before addressing you until all should be settled."

"Settled!" cried the vicar, sharply. "What was there to settle?"

"Her—her inheritance; and—and the proof of her marriage. She may have been mistaken in delaying to communicate with you; indeed, I think she was mistaken; but I do believe she was sincere when she professed to think it for the best."

The vicar rose and walked to the door. Arrived there, he paused, and said, "Until she does address me, and address me in a proper spirit, I shall take no notice of her whatsoever. None! She will still be to me as one dead. Nothing—no human power shall induce me to waver in my resolution."

Maud could see the vicar's hands waving through the gloom with the action of repulsing or pushing away some one.

"She will write to you, dear Uncle Charles," said Maud; still with the same disagreeable perception that the vicar's words and tone were hollow, and with the same feeling of being ashamed of the perception. Then the vicar left the room and went out into the garden. He relit his pipe, and as he paced up and down the gravel path Maud watched his figure for a long time, looming faintly as he came within range of the light from the windows of the house, and then receding again into the darkness. Next day there came a letter for Mr. Levincourt from Veronica. Maud recognized her large, pretentious handwriting on the black-bordered envelope, with its crest and monogram, and faint, sweet perfume. The vicar took the letter to his own room and read it in private. He did not show it to Maud, nor communicate its contents to her further than to say that evening, just before retiring to bed: "It appears, Maud, that the present baronet, Sir Matthew Gale, has behaved in a very becoming manner in immediately receiving and acknowledging his cousin's widow."

"Oh, dear Uncle Charles, the letter *was* from Veronica! She has written to you. I am so thankful!"

The tears were in Maud's eyes as she clasped her hands fervently together and looked up into her guardian's face. He put his hand on her head and kissed her forehead.

"Good, sweet, pure-hearted child!" he said, softly. "Ah, Maudie, would to God that I had been blessed with a daughter like you! But I did not deserve that blessing; I did not deserve it, Maudie."

It was on all these sayings and doings just narrated that Maud Desmond was pondering as she sat alone in the church-yard of St. Gildas.

CHAPTER II.

MISS TURTLE.

Maud sat absorbed in a reverie that prevented her from hearing a footstep that approached quickly. Pit-pat, pit-pat, the step came nearer. It was light, but as regular as that of a soldier on the march. Presently, a shabby hat, with an erratic feather in it, rose above the wall of the church-yard, and little Miss Turtle, Mrs. Meggitt's governess, appeared, with a parcel in one hand and a basket in the other. She walked straight up to Maud, and then stopped.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Turtle, and looked into Maud's face with a demure expression, half sly, half shy.

"Oh, I—I did not see you, Miss Turtle. How do you do?"

"I startled you, I'm afraid. I hope you're not subject to palpitation, Miss Desmond? I am. Oh dear me, I am quite tired! *Would* you allow me to seat myself here for a few minutes and rest?"

Maud smiled at the humility of the request. The wall of St. Gildas's church-yard was certainly as free to Miss Turtle as to herself. She made room for the little governess beside her. Miss Turtle first disposed her parcel and basket on the top of the rough wall, and then made a queer little spring—something like the attempt to fly of a matronly barn-door hen unused to quit terra firma—and seated herself beside them. Maud was by no means delighted at thus encountering Miss Turtle. But she was too gentle and too generous to risk hurting the little woman's feelings by at once getting up to depart. So she made up her mind to sit a while and endure Miss Turtle's discourse as best she might. They had met before, since Maud's return to Shipley. Miss Turtle and her two pupils, Farmer Meggitt's daughters, had saluted Maud as she came out of church on the first Sunday after her arrival at the vicarage, having previously devoured her with their eyes during the service.

"And how, if I may venture to inquire, is our respected vicar?" said Miss Turtle.

"Mr. Levincourt is quite well, thank you."

"Is he, really? Ah! many changes since we last had the honor of seeing you in Shipley, Miss Desmond."

"Indeed! If you did not say so, I should suppose, from what I have seen and heard hitherto, that there were, on the contrary, very few changes."

"Oh dear me! Mrs. Sack—you have heard about Mrs. Sack?"

"No. Is she ill?"

"Joined a Wesleyan congregation at Shipley Magna. Gone over to Dissent, root and branch! I am surprised that you had not heard of it."

Maud explained that Mrs. Sack's conversion to Methodism had not been widely discussed in London.

"And she's not the only one, Miss Desmond," pursued the governess.

"Indeed!"

"Oh no, not the only one by any means. A considerable number of the congregation of St. Gildas's have gone over too. They say that the dissenting gentleman who preaches at Shipley Magna (he is not, strictly speaking, a gentleman either, Miss Desmond, being in the retail grocery line, and in a small way of business) is so very earnest. I hope you will not think I did wrong; but the truth is, I did go to an evening meeting at their chapel once, with Mrs. Sack, and I must say he was most eloquent. I really thought at one time that he would have a stroke or something. The glass in the windows jingled again, and I came home with a splitting headache."

"He must have been extraordinarily eloquent, indeed," said Maud, quietly.

"Oh, he was! But then, as I say, where are your principles, if you let yourself be tempted away from your church like that? Didn't you notice, Miss Desmond, how thin the congregation was last Sunday?"

Maud was obliged to confess that she had noticed it.

"Then there's Mr. Snowe, junior."

"He has not joined the Methodists, has he, Miss Turtle?"

"Oh no. Quite the contrary. But he is engaged to be married, I believe, and the lady hates music. Just fancy that, Miss Desmond, and he such a confirmed *amachure*."

Little Miss Turtle shook her head in a melancholy manner, as though she had been reluctantly accusing Herbert Snowe of "confirmed" gambling or "confirmed" drunkenness.

"Then," said Maud, "I am afraid we may lose Mr. Herbert Snowe's assistance at the weekly practicings in the school-house."

"Practicings! Oh dear, Miss Desmond, the singing-class is nothing now; nothing to what it used to be. Mr. Mugworthy, he does what he can. But you know, Miss Desmond, what's the use of the best intentions when you have to contend with a voice like—there! Just like that, for all the world!"

And Miss Turtle screwed up her mouth, and inclined her head toward the distant common, whence came at that moment the tremulous, long-drawn ba-a-a of some fleecy mother of the flock.

Maud could not help laughing as she recognized the resemblance to Mr. Mugworthy's professional utterance of the Amen.

"Why, Miss Turtle," she said, "I didn't know you were so satirical."

"Satirical! Oh pray don't say that, Miss Desmond. I should be loth, indeed, to think so of myself. If I was satirical, it was quite unawares, I assure you."

Miss Turtle fidgeted with her paper parcel, tightening its strings, and putting it into shape. Then she peeped into the basket, as if to assure herself that its contents were safe. She showed no symptoms of being about to resume her walk, and there was a mingled hesitation and eagerness in her face every time she looked at Maud. These conflicting sentiments at length resolved themselves into a question that indirectly approached the main point to which her curiosity was directed.

"Ahem! And so, Miss Desmond, you don't—ahem!—you don't find our revered vicar much broken by all he has gone through?"

Maud drew herself up, and looked full at the speaker. But Miss Turtle's wishy-washy little countenance was so meek and meaningless that resentment seemed absurd.

The governess's straw hat was somewhat on one side; and so was the long ragged feather that adorned it, as it had successively adorned a long series of hats, beginning Anno Domini—but no matter for the date. Miss Turtle and her black ostrich feather were coeval in the chronicles of Shipley; for the good and sufficient reason that they had immigrated into Daneshire together. The long feather, wafted hither and thither by the capricious airs, and made lank and straight by the capricious showers of spring, drooped carelessly over the brim of the hat, and overshadowed Miss Turtle's little snub nose, with a shabbily swaggering air ludicrously at variance with the expression of the face beneath it.

"I told you that Mr. Levincourt was quite well," said Maud.

"And you, Miss Desmond," said Miss Turtle, timidly putting out the tip of her cotton glove to touch Maud's black dress, "you too have had a good deal of trouble."

"I have lost a dear relative and a true friend."

"To be sure. Oh dear me! Life is a shadow. *How* it flies! Don't you find it so, Miss Desmond? You have lost your aunt; a lady of title too," added Miss Turtle, with so comical an air of being shocked and surprised by this circumstance above all, and of murmuring reproachfully to the great democrat, Death, "How *could* you?—a person so well connected, and habitually addressed by mankind as 'my lady!'" that Maud's sense of humor conquered her sadness, and she turned away her face lest Miss Turtle should be scandalized by the smile on it.

Miss Turtle's next words, however, effectually sobered the mobile, dimpling mouth.

"Yes; you have lost your aunt—*and your uncle*, if what we hear is true."

Maud's heart beat fast, and she could not speak. Her nerves quivered in the expectation of hearing Veronica's name. It was not yet pronounced, however. Miss Turtle dropped her chin down on her breast, at the same time throwing back her shoulders stiffly, and infused a melting tearfulness into her habitually subdued voice as she asked: "And *have* you yet seen Mrs. Plew, Miss Desmond?"

"Mrs.—Mrs. Plew? No. Poor old lady, how is she?"

"She's pretty well, thank you, Miss Desmond. As well as she ever is. She is quite a character of the olden time; don't you think so, Miss Desmond?"

"Well, I—I—I don't know. She seems a very good old woman," answered Maud, considerably at a loss what to say.

"Of course, Miss Desmond, you have had great scholastic advantages. And I shouldn't presume to— But as far as Pinnock goes, Miss Desmond, I should say that Mrs. Plew was quite the moral of a Roman matron!"

Maud stared in unconcealed surprise.

"I should indeed, Miss Desmond," pursued the governess, still with the same tearful tenderness and a kind of suppressed writhing of her shoulders.

"I have *not* read the Roman History in the original. But, if Pinnock may be relied on, I should say that she quite came up to my idea of the mother of the Gracchi," which Miss Turtle pronounced "Gratchy."

There was so long a pause, and Miss Turtle so plainly showed that she expected Maud to speak, that the latter, although greatly bewildered, at length said, "I have always supposed Mrs. Plew to be a very kind, honest, good old woman. I can not say she ever struck me in the light of a Roman matron. Perhaps, on the whole, it is a better thing to be an English matron; or we, at least, may be excused for thinking so. But the fact is, I never was very intimate with Mrs. Plew. It was my—"

Maud stopped, with a flushed face and trembling lip. She had been about to mention Veronica, and Miss Turtle pounced on the opportunity thus afforded.

"It was your cousin, or at least we all called her so, Miss Desmond, although aware that no tie of blood united you together; it was Miss Levincourt who was most intimate at the Plews'. Oh yes, indeed it was! But, of course, that is all over. Higher spheres have other claims, have they not, Miss Desmond? And that which the proud and haughty have rejected may be very precious to the humble and lonely, if it would but think so; may it not, Miss Desmond?"

A light began to dawn in Maud's mind, which illumined the oracular utterances of Miss Turtle. Through the mincing affectation of the little woman's speech and manner there pierced the tone of genuine emotion. Still Maud did not understand why Miss Turtle should have chosen to reveal such emotion to her.

Maud rose and held out her hand. "Good-by, Miss Turtle," she said. "Please tell Kitty and Cissy that I hope to see them at the practicing next Saturday."

"Good-by, Miss Desmond. I hope you won't take it amiss that I ventured to enter into conversation with you."

"By no means! How can you imagine that I should do so?"

"Nor look upon it in the light of a liberty?"

"Certainly not. Pray do not speak so!"

"Thank you, Miss Desmond. You were always so kind and affable!" There was the least possible stress laid on the personal pronoun, as though Miss Turtle were mentally distinguishing Maud from some one who was *not* always kind and affable. "And you are just the same as ever, I'm sure, Miss Desmond. And—and—if I didn't fear to offend you, which I wouldn't do for the world—indeed I would not!—I should like to—to—to ask—" The governess made a long pause. Maud did not speak; in fact she could not. She was too sure in her heart about whom Miss Turtle desired to ask. The latter remained silent for some minutes; but, although timid in her manner, from years of repression and snubbing, Miss Turtle was not exquisitely sensitive, and she had that sort of mild obstinacy which frequently accompanies stupidity.

Neither Maud's silence, nor her pale, distressed face, availed therefore to turn Miss Turtle from the purpose she had had in view when she sat down on the wall beside the vicar's ward. That purpose was to ascertain, if possible, what the truth of Veronica's position really was.

Of course Shipley-in-the-Wold had rung with gossip about her; and latterly the gossip had reported—most wonderful to relate—something not far from the actual state of the case.

"I should like to ask," proceeded Miss Turtle at length, "if it is true what we hear, that Miss Levincourt—that is, if all be as we have heard rumored, she is *not*, of course, Miss Levincourt any longer—if she is in England again, and—and quite wealthy, and—I *hope* you are not offended, Miss Desmond!"

"She is in England. She is a widow, and is left in possession of a considerable fortune."

"Oh dear me! So it *was* true?"

Maud bowed, and was moving away.

"One instant, Miss Desmond. I'm afraid you are angry with me for speaking. But, after all, it was natural that we should wish to know the truth; wasn't it now, Miss Desmond?"

Maud reflected that it *was* natural. Her conscience told her that the movement of sensitive pride which made her shrink from hearing Veronica mentioned by indifferent persons, was far from being wholly a good movement. She constrained herself to hold out her hand once more to Miss Turtle. The gratitude in the governess's face rewarded her for the effort.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Desmond! I should have been so sorry to hurt your feelings. Of course you will see Mr. Plew before long, and then I suppose you—you will tell him, won't you? Of course he will know, so intimate as he was with the family; and always speaks with the greatest respect, I'm sure. When he knows something certain about Miss Levincourt—that is—I'm so used to the name, you see—we hope, his mother and I hope—or, at least, *she* hopes—for of course I can't presume to put myself forward—that he may get to be more comfortable and settled in his mind. We think him a good deal changed, Miss Desmond. His spirits are like a plummet of lead, to what they were, I do assure you. Good-by, Miss Desmond, and thank you very much."

Maud walked home across the paddock and up the long gravel path in the vicarage garden, with a feeling of heaviness at her heart. She was half inclined to hate Miss Turtle, Mrs. Plew, and all the people in Shipley. But she resisted the impulse of irritated temper. What was her vexation compared with the sorrow and trouble inflicted on others? If Veronica could but have known, if she could but have foreseen!

As she thus thought, she entered the house through the garden door, which stood open. She was going into the sitting-room, when she paused for a moment at the sound of voices within.

"Go in, go in, Miss Maudie," said old Joanna, who happened to be in the hall. "You won't disturb no one. It's only that poor crectur, Mr. Plew, a-talking to the vicar."

A COLORADO COLONY.

WE give on page 197 a sketch of an interesting event in the history of our far-Western territory—the departure of a colony of German emigrants from Chicago to settle on a tract of land purchased by them in Colorado. This colony is said to be the first of the kind ever organized in this country, and it is called "the German Colonization Society of Colfax, Colorado," that township being its destination. It can hardly fail, if followed by other colonies, to exercise an important influence on the development of our Western territory. In many of those remote regions where, under ordinary circumstances, mining could be profitably pursued, the cost of living, owing to the long distance over which subsistence must be transported, is so great as to have compelled the abandonment of the mines. Agricultural advantages of the most favorable character were not lacking, but the farmer did not come, and the miner must wait for him. It was in view of this state of things that, in August last, CARL WULSTEN, a citizen of Chicago, conceived the plan of organizing, in that city, a society of farmers, mechanics, and laborers, who, with their wives and families, should select some favorable location in the great undeveloped West, and there enter upon the work of tilling the soil, the erection of a village, and, mayhap, the foundation of a metropolis.

Mr. WULSTEN visited Colorado with the view of selecting a suitable place to establish such a colony, and his choice at length fell upon Wet Mountain Park, Fremont County, near the head waters of the Arkansas River, in Southwestern Colorado. The district is described as one of surpassing excellence, and admirably adapted to agriculture. The soil is rich, prairie and timber lands abound, numerous streams supply irrigation and power for manufacturing purposes, and the climate is mild and salubrious. On the return of Mr. WULSTEN a society was organized, of which he was chosen President, and soon afterward he proceeded to Washington, where he obtained from the Secretary of War an order to the commanders of Forts Wallace and Lyon, and other military posts along the route, to furnish an adequate escort of soldiers from the point of leaving the railway until the destination was reached; ambulances to convey the women and children; tents in which the colony might live until houses could be erected; and to give the party every possible aid and assistance.

According to the plan of the organization, each member pays $250, which constitutes a common fund for the benefit of the colony, and out of which are defrayed all expenses, including transportation and subsistence on the way, live stock, seed, agricultural implements, machinery for saw-mill, grist-mill, etc. All the branches of industry and enterprise are to be conducted on the co-operative plan for five years, at the expiration of which time an equal subdivision of lands, improvements, assets, etc., will be made. Colfax is situated 250 miles from Fort Wallace, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, 70 miles from Puebla, and 30 miles from Cañon City—the latter, a village of five or six hundred souls, being the nearest settlement. A detachment of United States troops will furnish protection for the present against molestation from Indians; but it is designed soon to form a militia company among the colonists, to whom the Governor of the Territory will issue arms and ammunition.

The colony, which left Chicago a few weeks since, numbered about two hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children, all of them Germans. They were accompanied by a clergyman, a doctor, and a schoolmaster, but, as they intend to dwell in peace and unity, not by a lawyer. If this experiment meets with success it will be followed by other colonies; and in this way the West will be speedily settled, and the Indian question with it.

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi by daylight is neither picturesque nor beautiful—a wide expanse of muddy water, flowing between low banks clad with cotton-wood trees; but seen by moonlight, or just when the sun is rising or setting, its character seems to undergo a wonderful and mysterious change. Light mists float over its surface, and land and water are so mingled in the hazy distance that one can hardly distinguish the dividing-line between them.

The sketch of a steamer "wooding up," on page 200, was made by our artist on one of those dreamy, moonlight evenings that show the Father of Waters at his best. It represents a misty stretch of river, with phantom boats gliding away across the moonlit water; a large steamer, tied up to the levee, while her sturdy negro crew carry aboard whole wood-piles to feed the roaring furnaces. The trailing Spanish moss—the ghostly beard worn by the trees of Southern swamps—gleams in the fitful light, and assists the romantic feeling of the place and hour.

The "raft on the Mississippi" was probably put together at St. Paul, and consigned to New Orleans. In the comfortable slab-house the raftsmen sleep and eat while slowly drifting down with the current. Now and then they ground upon an island or at a bend in the river, when, if they can not get off unaided, they hail a passing steamer and get a tow: to avert such a catastrophe, the men in our picture have trimmed their sails and are pulling lustily at the long sweep.

Our last picture represents a break or crevasse in the levee. Pile-drivers have been brought up by the steamer, and are hard at work driving piles into the muddy bank to prevent its further crumbling away under the pressure of the heavy current. At such times the whole country is excited; for none can foresee, should the river gain the day, where the work of devastation may end.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE London *Times* pays the United States many high yet well-deserved compliments, in a recent article on manufactures. After stating, among other facts, that Birmingham is at this moment losing its old markets, it remarks:

> "A few years ago it used to supply the United States largely with edged tools, farm-implements, and various smaller wares. It does so no longer; nor is the cause to be sought merely in the American tariff. It is found that the manufacturers of America actually supersede us, not only in their own, but in foreign markets and in our own colonies; and the Birmingham Chamber has the sagacity to discover and the courage to declare that this is owing to the superiority of American goods.... High as are the wages of an English artisan, those of an American artisan are higher still; and yet the manufacturers of the United States can import iron and steel from this country at a heavy duty, work up the metal by highly-paid labor, and beat us out of market after all with the manufactured article. How is that to be explained?
>
> "The Americans succeed in supplanting us by 'novelty of construction and excellence of make.' They do not attempt to undersell us in the mere matter of price. Our goods may still be the cheapest, but they are no longer the best; and in countries where an axe, for instance, is an indispensable implement, the best article is the cheapest, whatever it may cost.... The true cause of our defeat must be attributed 'to the greater aptitude of many of the foreign workmen, and their intelligence, which induces them to seize every opportunity of improving their manufactures.'"

"Is Mr. G—— good?" said a bank officer to a director.

"That depends whether you mean Godward or manward," was the answer.

"Explain," said the bank officer.

"Godward, Mr. G—— is good: no man in our church is sounder in the faith, prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent apparently; but manward, I am sorry to say, Mr. G—— is rather tricky."

Men too often seem thus double-hearted. But the Good Book pertinently inquires, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

The latest foreign scandal is from a German writer, who comes out with a story that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were very unhappy together during their early married life, and that a divorce nearly resulted.

They make shirts by lightning now. An electric battery applied to a sewing-machine drives the needle with astonishing rapidity, and at little expense.

Crumpton is a little village of three hundred population, at the head of steam navigation on the Chester River in Maryland. Near by are a number of clustering houses occupied by colored people. At Pond Town, about a mile and a half distant, the freedmen have purchased for themselves houses and tracts of land, and such has been their thrift, economy, and industry that this neighborhood, which was only a barren pine waste, has been brought under cultivation. This colored community lately applied to the Baltimore Association for the Education of Colored People for a teacher, and James Hamilton, a young man of about twenty-five, arrived at Crumpton on the 15th of January, and opened school in the colored people's church on the following Monday, which was attended by *over seventy pupils*, from six to thirty years of age. Early in February, it having been reported that Mr. Hamilton had opened an evening school, an infuriated mob, with blackened faces, and armed with tar and feathers, as well as guns and pistols, surrounded the school-house one evening. Finding their intended victim had not yet come there, the mob went to his boarding-house, and demanded that Hamilton should be surrendered to them, declaring they would "lynch any white man who came there to teach niggers." With great difficulty the mob was in some measure calmed, but with many threats told Mr. Hamilton he must leave the neighborhood at once. Seeing no way of continuing the school with safety, he promised to close it the next morning, and reported the matter to the Association and to General Howard.

A Michigan girl, aged eighteen, and possessed of a big foot, called at a shoe-dealer's a few weeks ago, and asked for "a pair of No. 2's." A pair of 2's was shown her. She tried them; but, to her great astonishment, could not get her foot half into them. She asked of the proprietor if he hadn't got a larger pair of 2's. He replied that he had, and handed her a pair of 5's, and said that they were a little larger than the pair she had just tried on; and she was quite "astonished" to find that she could not get those on. She then asked if he hadn't a little larger pair of 2's. He replied that he had one pair still larger, and handed her a pair of 7's. She put them on, and found that pair of "2's" just a fit, paid for them, and left the store.

A recent number of the London *Lancet* contains an article from Sir Charles Murchison, an able English physician, in which he says that relapsing fever, which made its appearance in London in August last, now taxes severely the resources of that city to provide adequate hospital accommodations for the sick. This same fever made its appearance in this city during the last months of 1869, and began to spread with alarming rapidity. But in consequence of the efficient action of the Board of Health and the Commissioners of Charities, there has been in this city no perceptible increase of the relapsing fever for several weeks. The health laws of London are most stringent, and are administered by efficient officers; yet the measures taken in New York seem to have been more successful in this disease. If proper vigilance is continued, this fever may still be kept in check.

The following hit at New York, whether founded in fact or not, evidently originated at the "Hub." A young Bostonian who purposed starting in business in this city, made a preliminary visit, armed with letters of introduction to business men. One New York merchant inquired of young Boston what he intended to do. "I have not exactly decided," replied the youth, "but I expect to settle into some good business in which I can get a living honestly."

"A living honestly?"

"An honest living," repeated the Bostonian.

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."

In a recent report of the proceedings of the Third Annual Convention of the American Institute of Architects there is an interesting paper on chimneys. After various statements on the theory and functions of chimneys, the causes of smoky chimneys are mentioned as follows:

1. Insufficient height of the chimney.
2. Too small or too large a sectional area.
3. Interior friction, the surface being too rough.
4. Too large a discharging orifice at the top.
5. Action of wind, rain, and sun on this orifice, to be corrected by using well-known cowls.
6. Contrary draughts, induced by a neighboring chimney having a much stronger draught; or in case, for instance, the staircase in a house is heated by furnace, and draws the air up from the lower rooms more vigorously than do the chimneys. (Remedy: shut the room-doors and open the windows.)
7. One common chimney for several fire-places. (Each fire ought to have its own flue.)
8. Openings left at the lower end of the flue. These should be well closed, so that no cold air can dilute the rising current of hot air.

The strong prejudice against the negro race, which still exists in many parts of the South, excited some young men recently to attempt to lynch a colored preacher. They were, however, disarmed by his remarking meekly: "I have been wondering for a long time how it was that so good a man as the Apostle Paul should have been whipped three times for preaching the Gospel, while such an unworthy man as I am should have been permitted to preach for twenty years without ever getting a lick."

Among sundry reports about noted personages is one concerning Alexandre Dumas *père*, to the effect that he is suffering from paralysis of the right hand.—Charles Lever is said to have fallen into a lethargic state, so that he sleeps sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. But then, when he is awake he really does something.—The new novel upon which Mr. Dickens is engaged is entitled "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."—The popular author, Mr. Shirley Brooks, who has been severely ill, is reported convalescent.

The *Weekly Scotsman* states that there are in Scotland 128 manufactories of bricks, tiles, and articles of a similar nature; and in connection with these from 4000 to 5000 persons are employed. The manufactories are widely scattered over the country. In one instance a single manufactory covers upward of six acres of ground, and is surmounted by thirty tall brick chimneys, which give it an extraordinary appearance. Raw material is brought in and finished goods are sent out by branch railways, the traffic on which never ceases from one week's end to the other. Two hundred tons of clay, and about an equal weight of coal, are used every day. Upward of 300 men and boys are employed by this company; and these are aided by three steam-engines, with an aggregate of 150 horse-power. This is exclusive of the power employed to bring the clay and coal out of the pits.

"Miss Grundy" says that Madame Garcia, wife of the Minister from the Argentine Confederation, is better known than any of the other foreign ladies. She has fine eyes, fair complexion, dark hair, plump white neck and shoulders, weighs one hundred and sixty, and is not tall. She entertains cordially on her reception days, and is somewhat of a literary character, having written a novel entitled "Love in the Pampas."

Madame Podesdad is thought by many to be handsomer than the Russian Minister's wife, who is famed for her beauty and graceful manners. Madame Podesdad is wife of one of the Secretaries of the Spanish Legation, but is an American by birth. Her mother was a noted Virginia beauty. Madame is frank and cordial in manners, lives quietly in Georgetown, but is a great favorite in society.

"Any thing in this store for a dollar?" inquired a would-be customer as he entered a Philadelphia "dollar store."

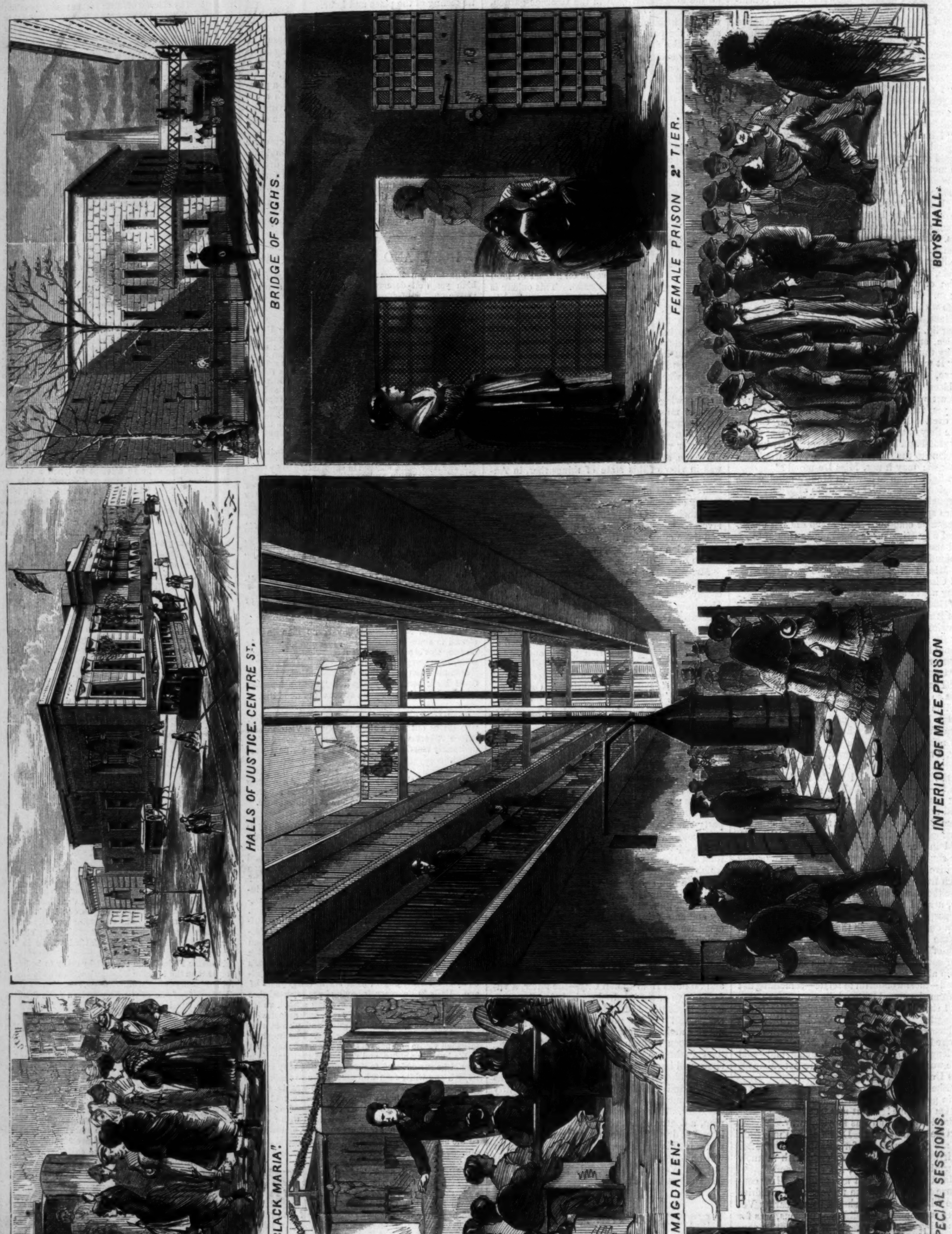
"Yes, for one dollar you can take your choice. Of course I do not include in this my young lady attendants."

So replied the storekeeper, his ending off probably being intended as a joke, for he smiled grimly as he said it, and seemed to enjoy it himself immensely.

"Well, I'll take that," said the customer, pointing to a stove which, almost red-hot, stood in a corner of the room. The customer clearly had the best of the dollar-store man.

It has been remarked that it would be of great service if some one would invent a good resonant cry which should be generally understood to mean *urgency*. The words "fire," "murder," "thieves," etc., convey such impression, but are often curiously inappropriate. It is related of the late Mr. Charles Sheridan that in attempting to land from a steamer one dark night he fell into the water, and escaped with some difficulty from his perilous position. "What did you do?" asked a friend, to whom the accident was narrated. "Why, what do you think?" answered his niece; "Instead of screaming 'murder!' or 'fire!' as any one of sense would have done under the circumstances, he only swam and called 'boat!' Of course no one went to his assistance!"

Rev. Sydney Smith once said: "Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its reappearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding must, I suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation, others little with it; some are fountains, some reservoirs."



BOYS' HALL.

INTERIOR OF MALE PRISON

COURT OF SPECIAL SESSIONS.

FEMALE PRISON 2d TIER.

THE MAGDALEN.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

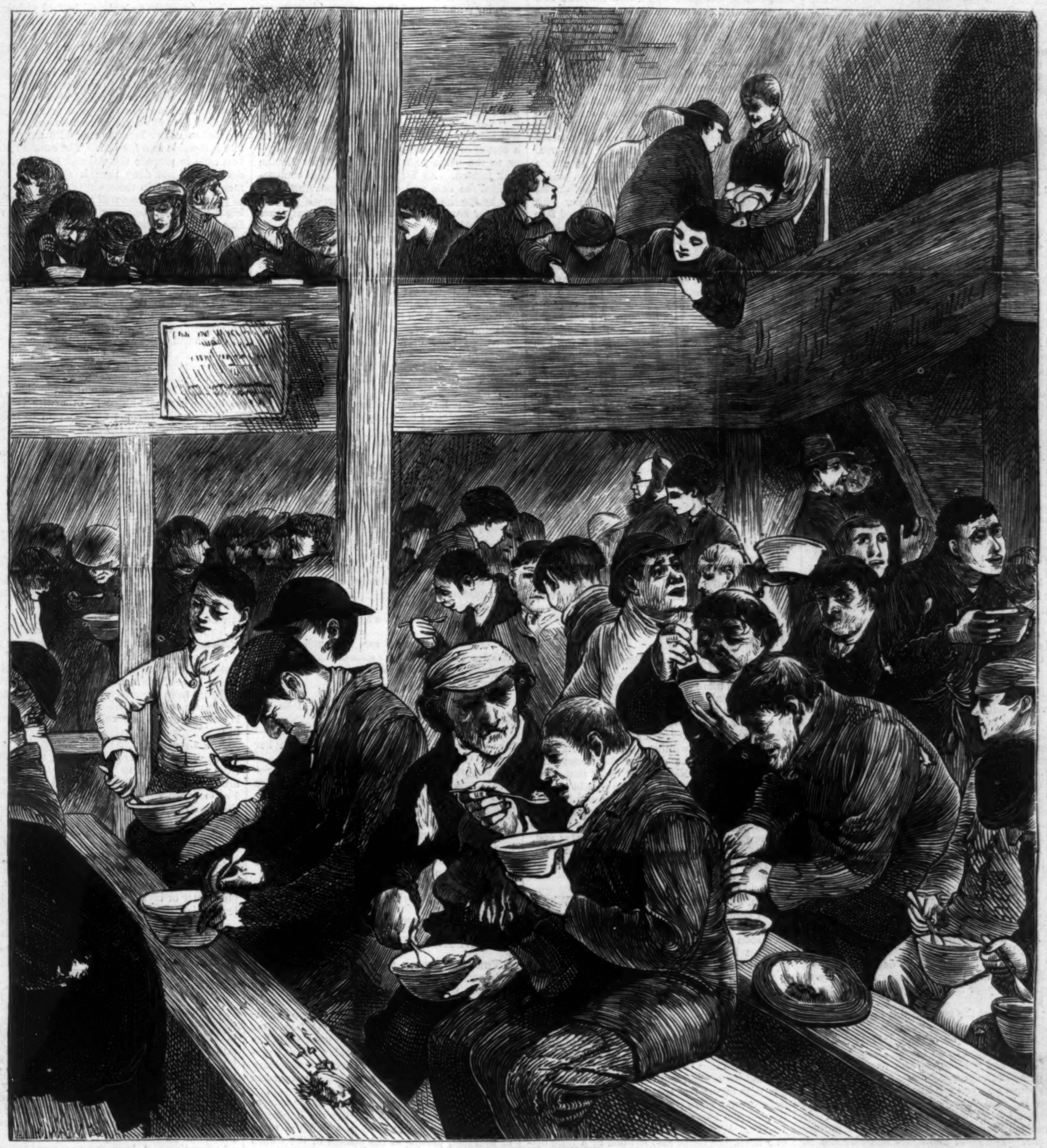
HALLS OF JUSTICE. CENTRE ST.

"BLACK MARIA."

THE TOMBS.—From Sketches by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 205.]

THE THIEVES' SUPPER.

Our illustration on this page represents an entertainment at once novel and interesting. A London ex-thief and pugilist, by the name of **Ned Wright**, who, from being the wickedest man in the English metropolis, has become a useful missionary among his former associates, provides a weekly supper, consisting of a plentiful supply of soup and bread, alternately to the male and female members of the profession. The condition of admission to this entertainment is the proof that the applicant has been convicted once or oftener of theft. The company is, of course, of a very mixed character; some of the thieves being hopelessly depraved, while others appear to be steady and hard-working people who have fallen before sudden temptation. After supper **Ned Wright** makes them a speech, of a very homely and practical kind, full of good advice, and closing up with the assurance that if any one present wants to reform and lead a different life, he will put him in the way of getting honest work. It is said that this man is doing much to reclaim young men and women from evil courses. The figure standing with a hat on, at the back of our sketch, is a portrait of **Ned Wright**.



THE THIEVES' SUPPER.

THE TOMBS.

We give on page 204 a series of sketches in "the Tombs," as our dismal city prison is appropriately called, whose forbidding Egyptian architecture casts a cold shadow over Centre Street. To enter its chilling halls is like going into a damp cavern; and many a poor fellow, whom misfortune or strong temptation has driven to crime, must have felt, on first passing its doors, as if he had stepped through that gateway on which the words are engraved: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Too often this is literally true. The poor wretch leaves his cell only to return to it, for longer and longer periods of detention. Some criminals pass more than half their lifetime behind grated doors, and appear to make use of liberty only to get back to prison.

The Tombs is not a pleasant place to visit, even when you have the privilege of going out when you have satisfied your curiosity; and Mr. Fox has kindly saved all nervous people the trouble of such a visit by making the faithful sketches to which this article refers. The central sketch represents the main hall of the prison, where males are confined. It is narrow and lofty, with four tiers of cells, one above another, those above the ground-floor being reached by galleries, and each gallery guarded by two keepers. The cells are narrow, lighted by a small window at the farther end, ample ventilation being secured by means of the iron-grated door that opens into the hall. Formerly the doors were of wood, and the effect was to make the cells close and unhealthy. Most of the cells are full, and several of them are occupied by noted criminals. Among these is **John Real**, ex-deputy-sheriff and watchman, who murdered policeman **Smedick** in July, 1868. He has a nicely-carpeted cell, with chairs, table, books, and pictures, and appears to enjoy himself pretty well for a man in his position. **Reynolds**, who murdered **Townsend** a few weeks ago, is also an inmate of one of these cells. **M'Farland** occupies a cell on the first gallery. It is very comfortably furnished. The other cells, when Mr. Fox visited the prison, were filled with every sort of criminal, from the "unfortunate" man or boy who "happened" to be found drunk or disorderly in the streets, to the hardened old offenders, some of whom had been sentenced to State prison, and were waiting to be sent away. Most of them were very willing to talk, and few sought to avoid observation.

Another sketch represents the interior of the boys' room, where they are kept during the day. At night they are locked up in separate cells. Every variety of youthful character is exhibited by these boys. Some of them are jolly under their misfortunes, some modest and shamefaced, others hardened and depraved. Our sketch gives a faithful idea of the ways in which they amuse themselves.

Another sketch gives a view of the "Bridge of Sighs," by which murderers pass to the scaffold when led to execution. The last execution which took place at the Tombs was that of **Jeremiah O'Brien**, for the murder of his mistress. It occurred on the 9th of August, 1867.

The "Black Maria," of which we give a sketch, is a close wagon, used to convey sentenced prisoners from the Tombs to "the Island." At the moment the sketch was taken the motley crowd of passengers was gathering for the ride. The other sketches, which complete the interior survey of the Tombs, are the "Court of Special Sessions," the "Female Prison," and the "Magdalen," or chapel for women.

The present warden of the Tombs is Mr. **John Stacom**, who is assisted by two deputy-wardens and a large number of subordinate officers. They have their hands full all the time. The number of prisoners committed to the Tombs in 1869 was 42,209, the great bulk of them for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, their term of imprisonment rarely extending over ten days. It is no unusual occurrence to find the same person committed ten or twelve times a year, and instances have been known where a drunkard has been arrested twice in the same week, having evaded imprisonment in the first instance by the payment of a fine, only to renew the offense. The cases of *mania a potu* are very numerous on the books. The condition of the Tombs is creditable to the management. The cells are kept scrupulously clean, and the prisoners are allowed to suffer no unnecessary privations.

A WHISKY PEDDLER ON THE PLAINS.

The army sutler, or, as that personage is now designated, trader, is forbidden to sell whisky to the enlisted man. The order gave a smart trooper the opportunity of airing the following *bon-mot*, which is now current on the frontier:

"Shoulder-straps may get beastly, and go for his quarters; but chevrons keep sober with alkali waters."

To some extent this is true; for the free access which the officers have to the sutler's whisky (at twelve or fifteen dollars per gallon) is at times too evident for good discipline and thorough discharge of duty. The enlisted man will have his whisky too, if by any possibility he can obtain it. One of the sources of supply is shown in our illustration on page 201.

The peddler is well aware of the risk that he runs in selling the contraband article to the soldier. For this reason he takes care to select some unfrequented spot in the vicinity of a military post, thus protecting himself from discovery by the officers, and at the same time securing for himself some measure of safety from Indians.

When such an "outfit" is discovered it is immediately confiscated, and the peddler, if he should fall into the hands of General Custer, has half the hair shaved from his poll, and immediately after is treated to prolonged pedestrian exercise through camp, to the lively air, "The Rogue's March."

It may not be out of place to enumerate some of the beverages that are in favor with the troops in the Far West when whisky is not accessible. A Cologne-water cock-tail is not despised. A toddy concocted from some of the hair-washes, of which castor-oil, alcohol, and tincture of cantharides are the principal ingredients, is accepted as a palatable beverage. Extract of ginger, qualified with water, is not an unsoldierly tipple, either. But here! these are tales told out of school; so no more of them, for this temperance lecture has reached a sufficient length.

JOHN ALBANY'S TROUBLE.

I.

At the breakfast-table, that morning, John Albany's wife, one of the dearest, winningest little women in the world, had said to him:

"Have you heard from brother Joe yet?"

"No, Carrie; not time yet. You know he only left day before yesterday. Get a letter to-morrow, maybe."

"Do you know, John, I'm almost wild with curiosity to see his wife? Such an odd notion of theirs, to put off their wedding-trip for three months after they were married!"

"Wanted to make it in pleasant weather, I suppose—showed their common-sense," said John.

"Any how, they'll be here in a fortnight, as soon as his business is arranged;" and Carrie Albany's almost girlish face beamed with delight at the thought, for she all but idolized her "brother Joe," and had heard wonderful stories of the beauty of his bride.

Such had been, in part, the talk at the breakfast-table, and there had not been in all the city a sunnier face than that with which John Albany had said good-by to his dear little wife and his rosy-faced baby boy; but now, half an hour later, he sat in his down town office, glowering at a bit of crumpled paper on the table before him, with an expression of countenance which might fairly be thought to include doubts of his own sanity.

"Crumb Street Station-House!" he exclaimed. "What in— Well, I might as well go right there."

And so he did, with barely enough presence of mind to put his hat on before he started. A few minutes of almost fiercely rapid walking, a brief parley with the officials in blue, and John Albany was admitted to a dingy and dimly-lighted cell.

"John—"

"Good heavens! You *here!*"

"Hush! Not a word—I gave my name as Caleb Smith, and it's gone into the reports that way."

"But how did it happen?"

"I can't tell, John. I only know they found the pocket-book in my pocket, and I was so upset I couldn't say a word."

"The pocket-book?"

"Yes; it was at the railway station. I'd just checked my trunks when they began to make an outcry, and that's about all I know about it until I found myself nabbed and searched."

"But Lucille?" said John.

"I wrote to her that I was detained in New York, for a few days, by important business. Then I gave your name as my counsel, and sent for you."

"I didn't get the note till this morning," said John.

"Some mistake or other. But here I am, trapped, and what to do I don't know."

"Oh, I can get you off easy enough; it's an old game of the pickpockets. All I've got to do is to prove who you are, and the Judge won't fail to see it," said John.

"But I don't want to prove who I am. It would half kill Carrie, and just about murder Lucille. You don't know how sensitive she is. No; I must be got off and acquitted as Caleb Smith, or I'll never get over it. Now, John, old fellow, promise me not to let my name out to any body, least of all to Carrie. Lucille's letters will come to your care, as usual; and I can send a letter to Carrie dated from home, you know, as if it was inclosed to you."

"You must take the responsibility of all the deception, then," said John; and, after a good deal of grave hesitation, the young lawyer allowed himself to be overpersuaded into giving the desired promise; but he left the station-house and returned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man. He did not like deception in any shape, and he seriously doubted his capacity for concealing any thing from his dear little wife.

And so it was that when John Albany went home that evening, and silently handed Carrie an unpostmarked missive, over which her blue eyes glistened, and which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a cloud on his brow, which never left him the whole evening. In vain he tried to be gay, or to make the crowing youngster a means of concealing his perturbation; for the quick eyes of his wife penetrated his clumsy artifices, and then—well, if he had been in trouble before, he was badly enough beset now. John Albany was accounted a promising lawyer, and remarkably good at cross-questioning; but never had any witness suffered under his own hands as he now did under those of his wife.

Of course John kept his promise of secrecy, but at the expense of a red face and a flustered manner. He was not half sure that his conscience had not caught him in several pretty well defined fibs and equivocations. More than that, Carrie was quite well aware that she had not penetrated her husband's secret; and she was not only a true daughter of Eve as to curiosity, but as self-willed and imperious a little body as she was loving, with a good deal of that peculiar element of character out of which jealousy is manufactured under favorable circumstances. And so, though at first she tried not to show it, Carrie was more than a little offended; and John, poor fellow, could not help seeing and feeling it.

And thus the next day passed, and the next, and matters down town looked worse and worse, and matters at home grew cloudier at a rate which John Albany would hardly have thought possible. So much for keeping a secret from his wife; and the poor fellow grew gloomier with every glance at the fretful and discontented face that had hitherto been so sunny. Even the baby was compelled to suffer his share of the household trouble.

In her irritated mood, Carrie's thoughts naturally turned to her brother; and so one day she sat down and wrote him a letter, in which she said a great many things which were only intended for his own eyes. Perhaps no harm would have followed but that Carrie mailed the letter with her own hands, without saying a word to her husband, and that, more by accident than any thing else, it was opened and read by a young married lady, in one of the larger New England towns, on the following day.

II.

It was not the same cell that John Albany had looked into before, and it was nearly two weeks later. The prisoner was the same, however; and, with all his confinement, he was hardly as pale as his worried and badgered looking visitor.

"It's all up, Caleb!"

"What's up, John?"

"Why, this wretched secrecy business. Lucille's coming!"

"Lucille? How do you know?"

"Read that telegram. Got to meet her at the cars this afternoon."

John Albany had the better in color now, very decidedly.

"Oh, John, my boy, what is to be done?"

"She must know!"

"And Carrie?"

"We'll see about that. Don't see what I can do but invite her to the house." And John Albany looked more like a baited wild animal than ever, as he half flung himself out of the cell.

John didn't go home to dinner that day, or he might have discovered that nurse had been left alone with the baby, while his wife had "gone out," no one knew whither. So, in uncomfortable ignorance of the dangers that beset him, John went to the New Haven dépôt that afternoon, and waited for a lady who should resemble, as much as possible, the miniature likeness which had been shown him. And he found her very readily. There was no chance for mistaking the striking but nervous looking beauty; and, in fact, as he advanced to meet her, the trembling lips parted slightly, just enough to say,

"John Albany?"

"And can this be Lucille?"

"Oh, John, where is my husband? Why is he not here?"

"He is safe and well, I assure you; and you shall soon see him."

"But I don't understand! Why is all this mystery and deception?"

"I can't explain here," said John; "but if you will get into the carriage I will tell you as we go."

And John was determined to keep his word, though he would almost as soon have been convicted of burglary. He was not aware of *all* his trouble, however. He had not noticed the veiled female form that had followed his into the dépôt, nor had his excited and confused faculties taken any note of the fact that the same form sprang lightly into a close coupé which drove off rapidly after the carriage which contained him and Lucille. When the latter was pulled up in front of a hotel, the coupé also stopped at a little distance, but the veiled lady did not get out. She leaned forward to the window, muttering, "I *knew* there was something of that sort! Oh, John! John! How *could* you!" And then the driver of the coupé received fresh orders, and drove away rapidly up town.

Lucille had only gone into the hotel to gather her somewhat shattered senses after listening to the news imparted by John, and, on the whole, she had sustained the shock much better than he had expected. In a very short time—for, with all her nervousness, she was a brave and devoted wife—Lucille declared her readiness to hurry off at once to the prison.

"I must stop at my office for a moment," said John.

"Oh, but I am in such a hurry!" exclaimed Lucille.

"But it's only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court all day, and I have not seen him."

John's office was in a very busy part of the city, and both he and Lucille had their heads altogether too full of exciting thoughts to notice any particular members of the hurrying throngs upon the sidewalks. Still, as the carriage pulled up at the curb-stone, John said:

"Good! I won't have to go up stairs. There's my partner now. Brown! Eh, Brown!"

The gentleman thus addressed had been standing on the edge of the sidewalk, as if waiting for somebody, and now came forward with a remarkably beaming expression of countenance.

"John, my boy, it's all right."

"What's all right?"

"Why, that Caleb Smith case."

John Albany had to catch his breath for a moment; but he stammered, "H-how?"

"Why, there was a whole batch sent up this morning; and one of them—that's Flash-finger Dick—confessed to putting the money on Caleb's person."

"Well, but what did you do?"

"Oh, Judge —— was as good as pie; let him right out, and I've got him up stairs."

A gloved hand was on John's shoulder, and a trembling voice was trying to ask him:

"John, John, isn't that Joe?"

"Yes, it's Joe," said John Albany; but he was sorry enough the next minute, as he sat in a corner of the carriage trying to recall the color to the white and beautiful face, for Lucille had fainted. As for Brown, he had comprehended the case well enough to dash up stairs; and by the time Lucille came to herself she was in better hands than the somewhat clumsy ones of John Albany.

And now the carriage was being whirled away up town, for John was urged by something even stronger than hospitality in his eagerness to reach his clouded home. He could have no patience with either horses or driver, especially as Lucille and Joe looked so provokingly loving and happy there on the back seat.

Home was reached at last, however, and the somewhat irate driver reined in his smoking horses in front of the house. John sprang to the sidewalk, and never dreamed of aiding Joe; but Lucille by this time was very well able to help herself.

It was not yet dusk when they entered the house, and John's latch-key dispensed with bell-ringing and servants.

"Wait a moment in the parlor," said John, "while I call Carrie."

And so saying, but with a big weight upon his heart, John pushed onward toward the sitting-room. As he threw open the door before him, however, he was suddenly confronted by a lady figure in full traveling costume, and a glance beyond showed him a marvelous disarray of trunks and bandboxes.

"Carrie, my dear—"

A gloved hand held out toward him a small white envelope, while a husky voice said:

"Good-by, John!"

"Carrie—"

"Isn't that Joe's voice? Oh, Joe! are you here?"

"Yes, Carrie, here I am, safe and sound." And Joe himself rushed forward, taking hold of his pretty sister as if he was about ready to swallow her.

"Oh, Joe, take me to mother's!"

"But, Carrie, what's the matter? John has been just the best old fellow—"

"Joe—there she is—I saw her at the dépôt!—the very same woman; and now he's brought her here! Oh, Joe! what does it all mean?"

"Mean? Why, Carrie—come here, Lucille—Carrie, this is my wife, your sister Lucille. I've been in trouble, and your John has helped me through, like a splendid old trump as he is. You've got the best fellow for a husband—"

Carrie gave one good look at Joe, another into the wistful face of Lucille, but she caught a glance of the keen suffering in the trembling lips of her own husband.

"Oh, John, I've been *so* foolish! John?"

And John Albany's trouble was over.

BORDERS FOR GRAPE-VINES.

The vine requires a warm, dry, well-drained soil, entirely free from stagnant water; hence hill-sides with southerly or easterly exposures are almost always recommended for the sites of vineyards; and a gravelly, porous subsoil is generally insisted upon as an absolute necessity. But not every one who wishes to grow vines has a hill-side, nor is the soil of their gardens overlaying a bed of gravel; it is, therefore, necessary to provide these absolute prerequisites to success in an artificial manner.

Where the subsoil is of a heavy, clayey nature, the usual practice is to dig out the border in which the vines are to grow to a depth of three or four feet, placing at the bottom of the trench a layer of small stones a foot or more in depth, and then filling it up with very richly composted soil; providing, if possible, a sufficient length of drain-pipe to carry off the water from the bottom of the bed to a lower level.

This answers the purpose for a time, but eventually the earth settles between the stones, they become compacted together, and the drainage becomes insufficient. Under any circumstances the water from the surrounding land drains into the trench, and the layer of stones becomes a drain for a large surrounding area, and although any excess of water may run off, yet the evaporation through the soil above the layer of stones keeps it too cool for the roots of the vine; and should the outlet pipe become choked, as it frequently does, the water is backed up under the border, which causes the roots to decay, and the vines receive serious injury.

We have found that, in all cases where it is necessary to make vine borders, it is best to make them entirely above the surface of the soil; and we believe that people would be much more successful in growing them were they in all cases to do so. The directions of these borders should be from north to south, or as nearly so as may be possible, so as to expose both sides of the vines, as much as possible, to the direct action of the sun's heat. They may be from six to ten feet wide at the bottom, and from three to five feet wide at the top; with a depth of two and a half or three feet of soil. Two-inch drain-pipes should be laid every ten or fifteen feet across the bed, with their outlets just above the natural surface or level of the surrounding soil. This not only carries off any surplus of water from heavy rains, but also allows the air to permeate through the bed, which keeps it much warmer than it would otherwise be.

The sides of the beds should be laid with grass sods, or sown with some dwarf-growing grass, such as Rhode Island Bent.

Any good fresh soil will answer; but if it can be procured from an old pasture, or from the grassy banks of the road-side, it is preferable, taking it, sods and soil, to a depth of nine or ten inches. To this may be added about one-tenth of well-rotted horse or barn-yard manure, and a twentieth part of coarse ground bones, both being well mixed or incorporated with the soil before it is made into the bed. The autumn is the best time to prepare the soil and make the border; but if not done then it should be commenced as early in the spring as possible, so as to permit it to become well settled before planting the vines. After they are planted, the surface of the bed should be mulched with two or three inches of strawy manure.

Many will, no doubt, think that the soil of the border should be made much richer with manure. This would certainly induce a stronger and more rapid growth of the young vines; but when the first strength of the manure is exhausted the vines receive a great check, and are generally permanently injured thereby. It is much better to get a solid, stocky growth of the vines than to superinduce, by the use of excessive quantities of stimulating manures, a succulent, long-jointed growth of wood, which, owing to its continuous growth late into the autumn, does not ripen, and so becomes winter-killed or otherwise injured; such vines also become an easy prey to mildew if their rapid growth is in the least checked by sudden atmospheric changes during the summer. Our native vines are generally such strong growers that there is no necessity for increasing it by excessive stimulation. The use of muck, wood-pile earth, and materials of similar character, are injurious, as they produce an incipient fermentation and acidity of the soil, which is also very injurious to the vine. After the vines come into bearing the borders should annually receive a top-dressing of well-rotted manure, lightly forked into the soil, and then covered with a mulching of stable litter. This prevents undue dryness in summer, and every rain carries to the roots of the vine a proper proportion of the soluble fertilizing elements of the manure.

No fears need be entertained that such raised borders will become too dry in summer, or that the vines will suffer from drought. No fruit suffers less from drought than the vine, for its large, ample leaves have a special faculty of absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, and it delights in dry, warm soil, in which the fruit ripens earlier, is sweeter, and higher colored than when grown in moister soil.

Borders constructed in this way, owing to the expense, are only applicable to gardens where from two or three to twenty vines are all that are required to supply the family with fruit. For vineyard purposes natural sites, combining the requisite soil and exposure, with proper facilities for drainage, must be selected; but even in such cases it would be of great advantage to throw the soil, by means of the plow, into ridges six or eight feet wide and two or three feet high at the apex, and there planting the vines, using the intervening furrows for carrying off the surplus water or laying drainage tiles through them lengthwise.

With borders made in the way here suggested the cultivator will escape losses from rot, shanking, uneven ripening, and in a large degree from mildew.

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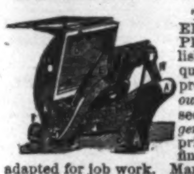

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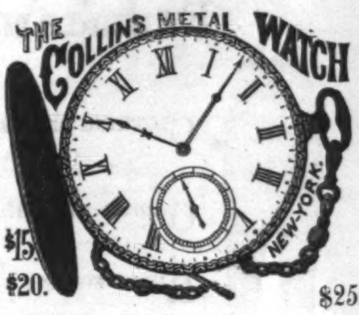

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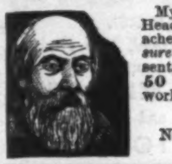

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